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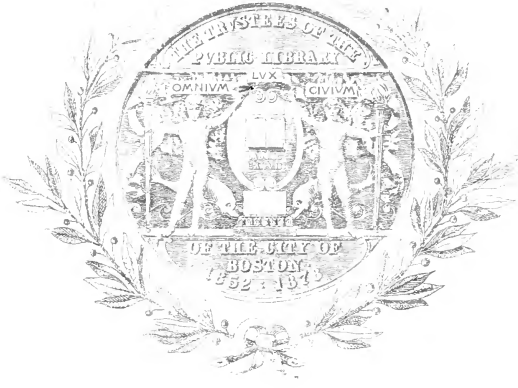

Albert W. Seymour Jr.

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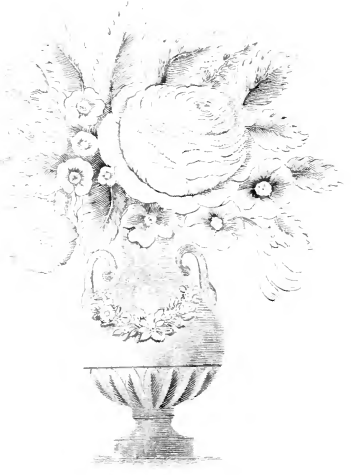
August 9th

A.D. 1878

THE ROSE OF SHARON.



BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

BOSTON.
A. TOMPKINS.

THE

ROSE OF SHARON:

A

RELIGIOUS SOUVENIR,

FOR

M DCCC XLV.

EDITED BY

Miss S. C. EDGARTON.

BOSTON:
A. TOMPKINS AND B. B. MUSSEY.
1845.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1844,
BY ABEL TOMPKINS,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

William A. Hall & Co., Printers,
141 Washington street.

PREFACE.

We can have no better preface to the sixth volume of our annual, than the beautiful frontispiece, Excelsior. We have kept this picture before us in our labors; and if we have not advanced so far as we hoped, we have endeavored to rise a few steps in the mountain path to Excellence.

We give a cordial hand of greeting to our new contributors, earnest thanks to our old and faithful ones, and wishes of abundant prosperity to our numerous readers. May this "Rose" give them hours of hallowed pleasure.

Boston, August 1, 1844.

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THE

ROSE OF SHARON.

SARTELLO.

BY C. F. LE FEVRE.

WHOEVER has visited Florence may have observed over the door of one of the numerous churches which embellish that city, appropriately called the Athens of Italy, a statue designed to represent St. George, and considered by *connoisseurs* an inimitable piece of sculpture. It is now dark with the dust of age and exposure to the elements, but in its symmetrical beauty, it is as fresh as when it came from the hands of the sculptor. Time, rudely as it has assailed it, has not yet impaired either form or feature, but, like greatness in adversity, it excites not only admiration but reverence. I have often gazed on it with a melancholy pleasure, for the mournful

history of its sensitive author awakens in the bosom of the beholder, who is acquainted with the circumstances, a solemn and a saddened feeling.

It was the work of a youthful sculptor named Sartello. Of obscure parentage, humble fortune, and without friends, he still made the fine arts his study and delight. With an eye to perceive, a heart to feel, and a hand to execute, he seemed formed by nature to excel in the work to which he devoted himself. Many were the untoward circumstances with which he had to contend, and which threatened to extinguish that flame which was lighting up his pathway to fame. But every one who has at all studied the workings of the spiritual man, cannot have failed to remark that impediments thrown in the way of genius, discouraging as they may appear, have their appropriate uses. They serve to strengthen the mind, nerve the spirit, and give to it a determination that is equal to any of the exigencies of life. Like the oak standing solitary and unsupported by surrounding trees, and meeting the full force of the blast, it only clings faster to the soil, putting forth stronger and deeper roots to resist the impetuosity of the tempest. These trials and buffetings are the rough but salutary discipline that is to train the soul for lofty purposes, and

teach it to rise superior to the frowns of an inauspicious fortune. Those "who live in palaces and wear soft raiment," however high they may stand in fortune's favor, are not the instruments which greatness chooses to work her high purposes.

Sartello met with no sympathy from his family, — with no assistance from his friends. The former treated as wild and enthusiastic the aspirations of the young adventurer in the path of renown, and knew not how to encourage in another what they did not feel in themselves. In the humbler walks of life, toiling for their daily bread, they experienced not amidst their drudgery those refined and spiritual feelings which were working and striving in the bosom of their relative and friend. They were out of the sphere of the poetry of life, and all the images of beauty which were thronging thickly around his fervid imagination were disregarded, uncared for and unknown. Fruitless were even all his efforts to kindle in their dull souls that fire which was so brilliantly burning in his own. There was no kindred spark to fan into a flame. If they heard him at all, it was with that listless, incredulous spirit, far more mortifying, because more hopeless, than an avowed opposition. There is a prospect of success when a point is

contested; but to the mind of the silent, the indifferent, the uninterested, there is no avenue open to the admission of truth. Such characters "hear not the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely."

His friends were few and all moving in a sphere as humble as his own. And what had he to expect at their hands? Some sought to dissuade him from embarking in a business where so many had failed, where so few had excelled. A very small number encouraged him with prophecies of success, but there was not one to step forward and lend him a helping hand. All wished him well, for all loved him. How could any withhold affection from one so gentle and amiable, whose only fault, if it deserved so harsh a name, was listening to the promptings of that spirit which made the beautiful the object of his heart's devotion!

Dense were the clouds that hovered over this child of genius, but there was still one bright spot to which he instinctively turned, and which no darkness could obscure; there was one ray of light which no adverse wind could extinguish; that unclouded spot, that unquenched light was — woman's love. Though scarcely arrived at the age of manhood, his keen perception of the lovely and beautiful had already laid his heart

open to that tender passion which seeks these qualifications in their most attractive form. Both of them he had already found in the fair Maddelena, and not many months had he been united by that tie which death alone should sever. Scarcely had the honey-moon waned, when urged on by an irresistible impulse, he determined to leave his humble cot and peaceful vale, to place in the gallery of Florence some monument of his own handiwork among those masterpieces of sculpture, the frequent contemplation of which had filled his admiring soul with rapture.

It was no common trial to impart to Maddelena the purpose that lay so near his heart. He loved her with all the warmth and tenderness of an early love, and every day convinced him that he returned that love to his bosom fourfold. How, then, could he ask her to leave the peaceful valley and the quiet home, not less dear because the scene of toil as well as of repose, and contend against the tumult of the city and the heartlessness of strange citizens! There is, perhaps, no loneliness so desolate as the loneliness of a multitudinous city; to find one's self cooped up in the narrow precincts of a room, and no recreation to be taken except through barren streets, where the passing throng knows not, heeds not, cares not for you. He thought of the

solitary hours she would have to spend while, busy with his chisel, she would be left to the unenviable reflections of his doubtful success. It was true that they had little where they were, but that little was enjoyed in the stillness of the hamlet, with the sweets of home, and among the sympathies of friends. From these she was to be severed, and in some contracted and lofty chamber, in some obscure street, to fight with poverty in its most repulsive form. There is much in the country to assuage the miseries of poverty. There are green fields and pure streams, the sweet and wild music of nature, the fresh air and the smiling landscape, and these are as free to the poor man as to the wealthiest. God universally diffuses his blessings; it is man who makes the unfair division. Then there seems to be more sympathy for the destitute, and less suspicion towards the needy applicant. Misery does not meet us at every step as it does in the city, and the heart is not blunted by continual contact and familiarity with suffering.

As these and a thousand other discouraging thoughts pervaded his mind, it was with no ordinary feelings that he first unveiled to his bosom friend his firm determination to cut through the solid marble a road to fame. He was well assured of her love, of her devotedness to him,

but he knew also her gentleness, her simplicity, her present absolute contentedness. It was like rousing her from a calm and blissful reality to some distant but dazzling object, only attainable when the intervening and apparently impassable gulf should have been traversed. Severe was the conflict with his feelings before he could bring himself to reveal the secret fire that was consuming him. It was one evening, on his return from Florence, whither he had gone to dispose of some of the fruits of his toil, that he first made known his purpose. Sitting with his beloved at the cottage door, looking up a valley on whose bosom the waving corn luxuriated, and on whose sloping hills the purple grape clustered, he gave utterance to the deep feelings of his spirit.

"Maddelena," said he, and he tenderly took her hand within his own, "how beautiful is the prospect that lies before us! How kind was it in Divine Goodness to make such a world for our habitation, where there is so much to inspire feelings of pure delight! and how much kinder was it to give us hearts to feel and appreciate these beauties! Maddelena, I have always been a lover of beauty, and my happiest hours have been spent in contemplating it. But beauty is a fragile thing, and soon passes away. These

fields on which we now gaze with delight, will soon be stripped of their charms, and lie for months a bleak and barren waste. The winter's blast shall sweep through this valley, the heavy and chilling rains fall on its bare bosom, and it will look like the face of the mourner on which no smile lingers. And you, too, my Maddelena, 'thou fairest pattern of excelling nature,' must pass with the passing years, and the next generation will never know how beautiful thou wert. But there is an art which mocks the lapse of years and defies the finger of time, and by it form, feature, and beauty live, and bloom forever. I have this day stood in the gallery at Florence. O, Maddelena, I have there beheld such sights as it were worth an existence to see but once! I looked upon the walls, and every moment some divinity seemed starting from the canvass to meet me. All heaven has been opened to my view. I have seen angels descending to dwell with men, and I have seen men ascend to live with angels. I looked and looked, till my senses reeled, and I began to think that I was favored with one of those visions of glory which Heaven sometimes vouchsafes to man. But I was wakened from this trance of ecstasy by the passing crowd, and carried with them into the gallery of statuary. O, my beloved Maddelena,

how was my rapt spirit moved with the lovely forms around me! The mellow light, as it fell upon the round and polished limb, revealed the glory of the sculptor's art. I stood like one entranced, and the more I looked the stronger the deception grew. I soon fancied that I saw the bosom heave, and bent a listening ear to catch the sound of the outgoing breath. From that moment I determined to become an artist; nay, start not, Maddelena, my soul can no more resist this impulse, than my limbs can resist the motion of my will. Long have I loved to gaze on such works as these, but now a voice whose sound I cannot, perhaps *would* not drown, cries in my ear and calls me to the task. It is for you, my sweet Maddelena, to nourish this nascent flame, or to blast with disappointment my fondest hope."

He ceased; the fire which had kindled in the eye of the young enthusiast and lit up his intelligent features, now died away, and a shade of solicitude for a moment darkened his brow. He waited for the tones of that voice which was to pronounce his destiny. With a voice tremulous with emotion, and a tear glistening in her eye, Maddelena thus replied:

"Let not my dear Sartello imagine that his Maddelena could be happy and withhold her

acquiescence to any of his wishes. It is true that this valley is dear to me, for it has been the scene of many joys. Here, among my kindred and friends, my short life has hitherto been spent; and, above all, it is here that my Sartello taught me first to love. Dear to my heart is this humble cot, for here in peace and quiet have I tasted the purest joys that earth can bestow. But if these are dear to me, far dearer is he who gives them all their zest. What were this smiling valley without my Sartello? — a wilderness. What were this lowly cot, over whose porch the vine winds its tendrils, deprived of him whose hand has trained it to beautify our humble dwelling? — a desolate abode. True, I could have lived here with you, nor have asked of Heaven a richer boon, but your wishes are my first delight. Lead on and I will follow; when disappointment shall cloud your brow, I will hold before your eyes the mirror of hope, and promise you better things My smiles shall scatter the shades that have gathered around your spirit. Should sickness seize your frame, I will watch over you, and administer to all your wants. Should success attend you, where is the heart that will beat with a more joyful throb than that of Maddelena?"

Sartello pressed his wife to his bosom, and felt that now the greatest impediment to his unde-

taking was removed. He felt more than this. He found in her acquiescence to his wishes an auxiliary greater than earth could bestow, and as much as he could have asked of Heaven itself. He was now doubly armed, and he resolved to carry into immediate execution his high and fond resolve. It required but little time to convert into money their slender means, and in a few days they were prepared to leave their quiet possessions and take the great road to Florence. It was a lovely day in the autumn when they quitted their home. They sat down to their simple repast in the morning, the last they were to eat in the dear habitation. They spake not. They feared to give their feelings utterance, for their hearts were full, and they had armed themselves with the resolution to say or do nothing that might shake their firm purposes. With a heavy heart poor Maddelena packed up the little necessaries for their household economy in the city to which they were going, and when she extinguished the embers on that hearth, around which so many and such sweet associations clustered, she would have been more or less than woman, if she had not dropped a tear. They had bade farewell to their friends and kinsfolk the evening previous, and men and women were now at work in the fields, and they

had none to accompany them on their way. With pack on back, basket on arm, the two containing all their worldly goods, and with staff in hand, did Sartello and Maddelena leave their humble abode. They turned their back on that blessed dwelling where they had lived and loved so fondly, and as they moved forward with slow step and downcast look, one might fancy that he saw in their countenance a faint image of that agony which was stamped on the features of our first parents, when exiled from the blissful bowers of Eden.

Two short days' journey brought them to the city, and Sartello having procured a chamber in a small attic at a trifling rent, sought some one to employ him and instruct him in the art for the attainment of which his heart panted. Many were the disappointments and rebuffs which he encountered at the very threshold of his enterprise, but he possessed his soul in patience, and listened to that encouraging voice which, like charity, "hopeth all things." Sad was the tale he had to tell Maddelena, when, at the close of the day spent in fruitless applications, he returned sick and dispirited to his narrow room. But there was one there to receive him and lighten his burden by sharing it; and faithfully did his true-hearted help-mate bear her share.

She encouraged him, and spread out her little store, and while feeding on the simple vegetables he felt the full force of that proverb, though he might never have heard it, "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."

One evening he returned with a lighter step and a brighter face, and the quick eye of affection soon read the acceptable intelligence, long before the lips communicated it. He had been so far successful as to find an artist who would take him on trial, and the next morning he was to enter on his "novitiate." Happy was that evening to this sanguine pair; fair were the visions that rose before them, and Sartello had already in imagination reached the highest step of the ladder, though his foot was actually only on the lowest round. Sweet, sweet hope, thou tellest in many a youthful ear, "a flattering tale," and though deceived again and again with thy fair promises, yet as long as "life's young dream" lasts, the ear will never be dull to thy fascinating voice! The day dawned, and he left home with a light heart, which was made still lighter by the blessing of Maddelena. It was soon discovered by his employer that he had taken into his studio no common character. He beheld, at the very outset, a delicate touch and

skilful hand, obeying the impulse of a fine perception. He received the meed of praise; how sweet was that word of approbation to his longing spirit! he hugged it to his bosom and carried it home to his beloved as the richest treasure he could lay at her feet. What a picture of bright joy did his home that evening present! There sat the youthful artist, his eye almost giving out scintillations of fire, and his face illuminated with pleasure. On a low seat at his feet, with upturned face, sat Maddelena, her lovely countenance radiant with delight, and her eye melting with affection. It was an hour of such exceeding happiness as to outweigh an age of disappointment!

Some months after he had commenced his labors, a work of great beauty was to be taken from the studio of his employer, to adorn the chapel of one of the churches. Before its removal, the most eminent artists in Florence came to view it, and to criticise it. Various were the opinions passed, and as the workmen stood around, they heard them and treasured them up. Among the rest stood Sartello, and, as he listened to the remarks, the fire kindled in his eye, and his enthusiasm was so conspicuous as to arrest the attention of the critics themselves. They turned from the exquisite statue before them to gaze at

the "tableau vivant," personified in the young artist. At last he was addressed by one of the critics, and his opinion requested. The justness of his criticism, the purity of his taste, the exquisiteness of his perception as evidenced in his remarks, struck all present, and one, especially, marked him, and ever afterwards continued his adviser and his friend; that artist was no other than the immortal Michelangelo. This interview laid the corner-stone of Sartello's greatness. The renowned sculptor saw in the youthful aspirant the indication of a master-spirit, and he knew that his own fame could not fail of being increased in patronizing such uncommon merit.

Rapidly did the young man rise in the estimation of his employer, and in a few years he became as much his friend as he was his workman. But it is not to be imagined that he had no difficulties to struggle with during this period. Alas, with the most rigid economy, he could scarcely subsist. If it was painful to him to be thus pinched, that pain was much increased by the thought that the gentle being who for him had left the happy valley, had to suffer with him. His conscience seemed to accuse him of selfishness, when he reflected that his progress to eminence was aided by the sacrifice of domestic comfort by his gentle wife. But let it not be supposed

that any thing in the conduct of Maddelena suggested this thought. Far from this. She never murmured; she never looked melancholy or discontented; and he never could smile but her own sweet face caught the reflection of its sunshine. When he sorrowed, she gave him not fresh sorrow of her own, but sympathy for his. But another bright day was now about to dawn upon him, and lift him from the destitution in which he lived.

An English nobleman, a *virtuoso* in paintings and statuary, had come to Florence to make purchases for the adornment of his splendid mansion in England. Unwilling to trust too implicitly to his own taste and knowledge, he sought for some one to accompany him, on whose judgment he could rely. At that day, Michelangelo was at the zenith of his greatness, and every one went to him. At his recommendation the nobleman engaged Sartello to accompany him, and he was well satisfied with his services. When he parted with him, he remunerated him with the liberality of a lord, and the poor artist found himself in possession of a fund equal to all his golden dreams. What was a trifle to a rich English nobleman, was independence and even wealth to a poor Italian artist. But it was fame and not fortune that Sartello sought, and he only

rejoiced in his present store as a means to soften the rigors of penury to Maddelena, and help him on his upward march. His noble soul was never soiled with a mercenary feeling. His gratitude to his benefactor was not the less sincere, and when he left him and bid him farewell, he felt a pang at his heart and a tear in his eye.

Sartello had now attained an eminence whence he could look down upon actual poverty, and fortune seemed determined to make amends by her smiles for what he had suffered from her frowns. He now gave himself up with all the devotedness and energies of body and spirit to his sublime art. He had already executed many pieces which were pronounced worthy of a master's hand, and the certain earnest of future excellence. There was to be, about this time, an exhibition at Florence, the works to be the production of artists of that city, and the prizes adjudged were the sure passports to fame. Among the many competitors was Sartello, and in grateful remembrance of his English benefactor, as well as by the advice of his friend Michelangelo, he chose for his subject St. George, the patron saint of England. To work he went with an ardor and perseverance, alas, beyond his strength; and as the marble began to live under his hand, and his own cheek to fade, it required

no very fanciful imagination to believe that his own spirit was leaving him and passing into the block which was developing its beauties beneath his wonder-working chisel. Maddelena witnessed with an anxious heart his failing strength, and begged him to suspend his labors and be more careful of his health. But the advice, though affectionately received, was little attended to, and the sculptor early and late was at his fascinating labor. As this was to be the trial of skill, in the issue of which his destiny was to be decided in the kingdom of the arts, Maddelena felt a delicacy in too strongly urging her request. She knew that the day was not far off when the struggle would be over, and then he would rest from his labors and recruit his wasted energies. And she felt almost as keenly as he did for his success. On he toiled with an indomitable spirit, but one stretched to its utmost tension. This high state of excitement was planting the seeds of early dissolution in his system, and the glazed eye and the flushed cheek showed that they had already taken root. The day before the exhibition had now arrived, and on the evening of that day some friends were to come and view his work which had received its last touch. But before they arrived, the artist, having laid aside his tools, experienced an irrepressible lassitude

overpowering him, and had to return home to gain some little strength. He could scarcely drag his weary limbs along. The bow was now unstrung, and its elasticity entirely gone. He went into a coffee-house to rest. After an hour he again slowly walked towards his home. In the mean time, his friends had been to see his piece, and one overtook him just as he had reached his own door. Unconscious of the state both of the body and mind of the artist, he said, in a bantering tone, in passing, "We have been to see your work, in your studio, and your friend, Michelangelo, says that there is something yet wanting; what *that* something is, you will learn to-morrow at the hour of trial."

Who has not looked in the garden in the spring of the year and seen flowers displaying all their loveliness, dazzling the eye with their brilliant hues, and throwing off their fragrance to the passing gale? Again, who has not looked and beheld their glory departed, for the bleak wind has passed over that garden, and the biting frost has nipped its flowers, while the blackened leaf and withered stalk has told the sad tale, that the ravisher has been there. With a blight not less withering, did these fatal words fall on the spirit of the unhappy Sartello. He fairly staggered into his dwelling, and was received into

the arms of his frightened Maddelena. "Tell me, O, tell me, what sad event has happened?" said the agonized wife. He gazed at her with a look of such utter despair, that it seemed as if the last link that bound him to peace and hope was broken, while he uttered, in scarcely audible accents, "My work is lost — condemned! condemned by my bosom friend!" In agony he threw himself on his bed, and before the sun had shed its last rays on the towers of Florence, he was lying under the burnings of a raging fever.

Who shall paint the despair and horror of poor Maddelena? That being for whom she had endured so much; whom she had so fondly, so faithfully, so truly loved, now, when he was just ready to put forth his hand and pluck the fruit of promise, and live on the pages of the history of genius, was suddenly torn from her embrace. The news of his sickness soon spread among the artists, and no friend more deeply interested in his recovery bent over his couch than Michelangelo. Several days passed before he was "clothed with his right mind;" and when, after a profound sleep, he awoke, he beheld at his bedside two forms, the dearest to him on this side of heaven, his wife and his patron-friend. The art to which he had devoted his powers was uppermost in his thoughts, and he asked, in the

lowest possible tone of voice, "what was wanting in his statue?" As the hands of the clock indicate the precise hour and minute when its machinery stopped, and when wound up commence from the same point, so it was with Sartello. The last thought when the cruel blow felled him was his statue — the first on his recovering to consciousness was still his statue. Then it was that Angelo took one of his hands and Maddelena the other, and the former told him that his noble production had carried the highest honors, and all that it wanted was — BREATH. The welcome news reached his flitting spirit, a sweet smile played over his features; it was not able to recall him to the enjoyment of life, but it consoled him in death. The blow had been too much for his exhausted strength to rally. He convulsively grasped the hands that had taken his, lisped out the words, "now I die happy," gazed on Maddelena and Michelangelo with eyes of unutterable affection, and then closed them forever.

Thus perished, at an early age, and full of promise, the sculptor Sartello, THE VICTIM OF SENSIBILITY.

THOUGHTS ON ETERNITY.

BY MISS H. J. WOODMAN.

"LIFETIME of God!" Eternity! How vain
The hope to measure that which hath no end
And no beginning! Let the mind explain
Its curious structure, bid it comprehend
The ties that bind it to its home of clay,
Then may it circle heaven's resplendent day!

Do the bright spirits of that land unseen
Live in one blissful, all-sufficient *now*?
Is there no past from which they daily glean?
No white-robed future with its shining brow?
Is there no call for memory's syren voice?
No room for hope, in which *we* so rejoice?

Thou knowest, and the angels round the throne!
Thou at whose bidding infant time was born!
To our vain questionings the world unknown
Is silent as the opening veil of morn!
Light, Father, light, to know and do thy will,
That thus our doubting spirits may be still!

ECCLESIASTES IX. 10.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

A LABORER, in the field of golden grain,
  Sang at his toil; and though his weary limbs
He gladly on the soft grass would have lain,
  Where the breeze wandered, and the birds their hymns
Poured from the oak-tree boughs, yet evermore,
Whene'er he heard the pine-tree's softened roar,
Or the clear gush of waters, or the hum
Of the wild bees, that from the woodlands come,
Or the low breath of flowers where'er he trod,
A voice passed through him like the voice of God,—
"Work while the day is thine! Be strong, be brave!
There is no labor for thee in the grave."

In a dim room, shut from the proud world's eye,
  A youthful artist wrought. Not lone to him
This humble studio. Visions hovered nigh,
  Most beautiful in attitude and limb.
Yet saddened by the shapes of loveliness
That thronged his brain to prodigal excess,
And by the feebleness of his young hand,
Which faltered in the work his soul had planned,

He would have fainted. But a voice spake clear,
As though a spirit breathed it in his ear, —
"Up! Let thy hand these glorious visions save!
There is no device in the dreamless grave."

A student pale with vigils kept at night
O'er the dark pages of an ancient tongue,
Opened his chamber to the soft starlight,
And on his couch his languid body flung.
"Vain, vain this toil!" he murmured, as the tears
Gushed hotly forth. "O, long and weary years
Must in such strife be spent! Day after day,
Still must I labor, suffer, weep and pray!
And if I fail at last!" Then, faint and far,
A voice responded from his favorite star, —
"Toil on! Thy spirit shall not vainly crave.
Toil on! There is no knowledge in the grave."

"Truth, why elude me thus? Have I not vowed
A long unswerving homage at thy shrine?
Alas, my brain is weak, my spirit bowed!
Why should I longer seek to make thee mine?"
The stern philosopher, with shrouded head,
Thus mourned that wisdom from his spirit fled;
And half resolved to throw his labors by,
And lay him down despairingly, and die.
Then Wisdom, softened by her lover's tears,
With these sweet words his drooping spirit cheers, —
"Mourn not, thou faithful! Lo, I am thy slave!
Take me! there is no wisdom in the grave."

So, evermore, some voice the heart of man
  Cheers in his labors. He doth ever feel
Some gladdening inspiration in his plan,
  Some sunbeam to his darkest moments steal.
Earth is for labor — for the body's strife
With passions that disturb the spirit's life;
For noble exercise of lofty powers;
For strewing life's dark desert-paths with flowers;
And when we faint, or feel our labors vain,
A voice from heaven renerves our souls again, —
"Work while the day is thine! Be strong, be brave!
There will be rest enough within the grave."

RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

It has long been a source of regret and censure that the portion of our Literature, usually termed Religious, should be such as it is. Men complain, and justly, we think, that the books from which they expect to derive moral strength are miserably deficient in strengthening qualities. They demand of those who write upon the great themes of God, human life, and human duty, an eloquence, or, at least, an earnestness worthy of the subject; but they tell us that they find it not. This charge does not originate, as we are sometimes told, from those who are incapable of appreciating or even understanding religion itself; but it is the conviction of a large portion of the community, besides others who think the same, but dare not say it. Many, from a sense of duty, read dull books and hear dull sermons, and try to convince themselves that there is nothing better; but the mind cannot long be outraged thus. There will be a growing indifference, and, finally, a disgust too strong to be ex-

pressed, against such things. A man cannot be always content to "ask for bread, and receive a stone." There is no text of scripture in which *dullness* is styled one of the Christian virtues; and there is no earthly reason why men should be stupid and uninteresting when they talk or write about their religion. Truly, we have not the power to create intellect, or implant eloquence where there is none, but we can say that men should speak and write with energy upon this great subject, or not at all.

It requires but an acquaintance with the Religious Literature of our language, to be convinced that such accusations are, at least, "founded upon fact." Not that we are destitute of good religious books, for there are many upon which the universal consent of readers has placed the seal of approbation. Yet this class of works is comparatively small; smaller, we risk nothing in saying, than the proportioned number of good books in any other department. True, the shelves of our public libraries groan under the "remains" of goodly men and pious women, which one might think would contain religion enough for all the world. But these authors have not written as eloquently as they have lived. It, perhaps, never occurred to them, that one may be a good man, a sincere follower of

Jesus, and yet an insufferably dull author; or that a woman, very pious, but withal very nervous and whimsical, is not the best qualified to write upon the glorious truths of the new dispensation. Men seem to have formed a tacit agreement that the "remains" of such writers shall not be disturbed. They are often praised, but seldom read. There are religious novels, in which the heroes are young clergymen, and the heroines young prudes; whose conduct is marked by the most scrupulous nicety; who converse solemnly upon good things, and make love as they would make sermons. Truly, men cannot be blamed for refusing to read books in which all nature and character is so shockingly violated. There are religious poems, too, in which the frightful features of a gloomy theology appear beneath a profusion of ornaments, like a death's head covered by false curls and wreaths of flowers. Milton could write poetry about hell, for he peopled it with beings with whom we can have no sympathy; but the subject is not so inspiring when one sees himself and his fellow-men there under the frowns of an avenging Deity. The Trinity, Election, and Natural Depravity, are not good themes for verse. We are not disposed to speak lightly of truly religious men, however indifferently they may have writ-

ten; we award to them all the praise of virtuous deeds, and lives nobly spent in their Master's service; but had they been content that other men should write of them, and never taken a pen themselves, their memories would have been respected, as now they cannot be.

It is a question worthy of consideration,—Why is Religious Literature thus barren? It has never been denied that the greatest men of every age have been religious men, and it is equally true, that great minds in every age have been engaged in preaching Christ. When we see the bright array of names upon the Christian catalogue for the last two or three centuries, and then look at the books they have written, we are equally surprised at the vastness of the material, the greatness of the labor, and the insignificance of the result. We are led, insensibly, to think of those battles described by some historians, in which men fought like giants from the rising till the setting sun, and left not a champion dead upon the field. The same men, too, who have written immortal things upon other subjects, at whose eloquence the senate-chamber has been hushed to a silence broken only by the throbbing of hearts, when they have written of religion, have followed only in the beaten track of commonplaces, and made books as dry as discourses of

ten general divisions, ten subdivisions, and ten concluding remarks. Why is this? Why have men been poetical over their love and wine, eloquent in the most common topics of law and politics, but sleepers over their religion?

Without attempting to decide what are the combinations of temperament most favorable to a high degree of intellectual effort, or what circumstances are the most favorable to its greatest manifestation, we may safely assume that opinions and systems of belief tend more or less to that free action of all the faculties which is indispensable to eloquence. We do know that men write well only when they write *freely* about things which deeply interest them; and it is no less evident that the moment in which the mind is restrained and compelled to labor within prescribed limits, is the expiring moment of all true energy of thought and expression. Bunyan wrote Pilgrim's Progress in a prison, but there were no prison walls around his glorious imagination. Men can write, and have written greatly, in the endurance of every privation — hunger, poverty, scoffing and contempt — for their thoughts have risen superior to all these; but never when the mind has been enslaved. The spirit cannot kindle in chains. Scott once sold himself, when he wrote the life of Napoleon, and then first did

that great genius which had made the land of his birth "all hallowed ground" desert him. So will it be with every man who dares to lay the hands of a tyrant upon the image of God within himself.

We have but to know the character of the popular theology for the last two centuries in England and America, to discover the true source of the barrenness in Religious Literature. The idea of a God, too implacable to forgive men whom he created incapable of goodness — of the law of election which decides the eternal condition of a class of mankind before their existence — the terrors of a future judgment and the misery of the condemned — the thousand whims and idle speculations which such contradictory opinions generate; — these have been the subjects upon which men have labored, and labored so vainly, to be eloquent. They have tried to persuade us to love a Deity whom their own souls detested, and is it strange that they have been heartless and cold? The intricacies of their systems have been too formidable for any being to explain; and can we wonder that their reasonings have been pointless and ineffectual? They have rejected the assistance of reason, and they prove, by their own example, how very foolish men may become without it. The works of

these men are those we should expect in such circumstances. Frigidity, pride, and stupidity, must accompany all such attempts to convince men of absurdities. The history of Religious Literature is the record of a great conflict between human nature and religious tyranny. If nature has not triumphed, she has, at least, defaced the trophies of her adversary.

It is only necessary to refer to individuals to illustrate this position. The periods of true eloquence, in both church and state, have been those of reform. Thus great writers upon divinity have generally been in advance of the prevailing theology. Milton wrote nobly in defence of religious freedom, for he abhorred every thing which looked like tyranny. While he was above those opinions which in a measure enslaved his own mind, he was greater than all other men, but he was shorn of his strength in the vain endeavor to compel his muse to become the servant of his theology. She was with him in that noble sonnet on his blindness, when he consoles himself that his eyes were closed because "overplied in freedom's task;" but she left him alone and deserted, when, in "Paradise Regained," he exhausted all his power of theological argument. Young was a melancholy instance of a crushed spirit trying to be great. God had made him a poet, but he

walked among grave-stones, and brooded over his disappointments and misery, until he became a slave to his own gloomy fancies. Every line of his great poem sounds like a hymn sung by a man under a curse. Watts has left a diary of his life in his poetry. When he forgot his opinions, and indulged in his love to God and benevolence to man, he wrote hymns worthy to be sung by angels; but when thoughts of God's hatred and vengeance were upon him, he called in vain for inspiration. If men have written valuable books upon religious subjects, it has been when they have forgotten their doctrines, and given themselves up to a trusting confidence in their Father in heaven, and good feelings to men as their brethren.

There is one general deficiency in most of our religious books. They are rather the fancies, — the dreams, — than the *thoughts* of good men. They teach us to be *too* spiritual, if we may use the expression. They tell us how to live out of, and above the world, in our own meditations, in communion with God; but not how to live *in* the world, to encounter its buffetings, to mingle ourselves in its stirring duties, and to work in the service of unthankful men with no hope of reward. They are not books from which we rise, and ask, What can I *do* to make others happier

and better? where is the most appropriate field in which I can *work*? On the contrary, we rise from the perusal so absorbed in the thought of immortality, that mortal affairs seem worthless in comparison. We are tempted to despise the present life and all its burdens; to cast them from our minds, and go through the world, as if impatient that we are kept away from heaven so long. The ideal of a spiritually-minded, or religious man, has been one who prays much and earnestly; whose thoughts are most on a future state, and who has succeeded the most effectually in hating the present state of existence. Religious teachers have preached too much about the future, and too little of the present. They have spoken rather as "dying men to dying souls," than as living men to living souls. They have labored rather to give a hope of felicity in another world, than a disposition to be actively useful in this. Such is this deficiency in religious instruction, and it originates in a misconception of the nature and purpose of religion.

What is religion? and who is the man most truly the child of God? What is heaven, and how shall we obtain it? How strong shall be our hold on this world, consistent with our hopes of a future? These are great questions, in the solution of which men have committed great and fatal errors.

Much of the religion in society, we suspect, is strongly tinctured with indolence. No one can question that it is easier to pray, and listen to eloquent discourses, than to *work* in the service of mankind. It is truly piety in some men to think always of heaven, and despise a world which is constantly presenting its claims of unpleasant duties and vexatious burdens. It is easier to give liberally for the propagation of the gospel among the New Hollanders, than to set earnestly about the task of reforming the vices and relieving the wants of one's own neighborhood, in the face of opposition, contempt, and misrepresentation. We question not that all these things are easy, delightful, and very flattering to spiritual vanity; but are they tests of religion, and is he the most religious man, who most excels in them?

Our Creator has placed us in this world for wise purposes. He has made it full of rough places, full of trial, full of materials on which to exercise ourselves; and all that we may become stronger thereby. He has placed man here, not to complain of his situation, and long for death and futurity as a home-sick child for its father's house, but for *action*. Heaven is not another world, far away in the future — a thing to be hoped for, but never experienced here. It is that

state of the soul, in which is a deep-seated love for every human being, and a resolution to express that love in doing good things for men. *Work*, is the true Christian's great motto. *Work*, to make every one about you happier and better. *Work* — not like a slave in his chains; not as if the world were a prison-house for your soul; not as if you were hired, and would be paid in heaven — but earnestly, cheerfully, hopefully. Do not shun men as if there were pollution in their touch, but put on a bright smile, and with a strong heart go out to do them good; and you will create a heaven around and within you. Do not shrink from human life as if you were too pure for any society but that of God and his angels. Make angels of those around you, if you will. Work through life, and God will in his own good time assign you another sphere in which to labor; for if we mistake not, men will have something else to do after death than to string golden harps and sing psalms. There are other worlds to be made happy, other beings in the universe to be blessed, and our great mission may be to work for them. We are not yet fit to leave our bodies and be exalted to higher duties. We can enjoy as much in this world as we have a capacity for, until we are better. The great Saviour of men did not disdain to labor in the

service of the humblest of the race, and all religion may be comprehended in that noble sentence of his biographer,—"He went about doing good."

Had men been fully impressed with these views, we believe Religious Literature would have been different. Instead of the dreams, the excitements, the hysterics, we should have had the *thoughts* of persons too intent on the great duties of life to tell us how they felt, and how they cried, and sung, and ranted. We should have books to tell us how to be *men*, and not flatter us that we can become gods before we have earned our title to manhood by labor and discipline in the service of our brethren. We should have fewer octavos upon religion in general, but our books would be like the encouraging words of laborers, who, for a moment leaning upon the plough, gather strength from the interchange of mutual kindness to renew their toil. There would be a freshness about these works, a heartiness in every line, which would have encouraged men. They would have been written, too, by men who knew human life, and not by those ignorant of the world. How can he who has always lived in his own dreams of heaven, come down and tell his fellows how to live upon earth? He is not a citizen of the world. He knows

nothing of its temptations, nothing of those terrible hours in which men of strong passions struggle against evil thoughts till it seems that the soul itself must be rent. It is easy for a man whose strength has never been tried, to sit in his study and "deal damnation round the land." We ask such men to *work* for the race, not in the capacity of authors, but as humble laborers.

But the result of such views would not be confined to this particular department. All literature would feel their strengthening influence. If men knew for what they were created, they would not make books as they have done. Pope never knew how to use his tremendous power of sarcasm for the good of his brethren. It is truly a melancholy spectacle to see this great man expending the best part of his life in writing that bitter Dunciad, which caused so many tears and heartburns in purer men than himself. The history of literature is full of such examples of misapplied talent. Men who were giants in strength have accomplished but the work of infants. They cannot be censured, for they knew not what to do. With their views of life and character, they had no desire to labor for the elevation of others, and consequently failed. The writers of the present age should learn wisdom from the errors of the past. Let

the man who is about to become an author, ask himself, — What is my object in this? Do I sincerely wish to benefit my race? Can I do more good in some other profession? If his heart tells him that he is writing for a reputation, for bread, or his own amusement, let him, in the name of humanity, forbear. If he loves the fields, the waters, and the blue sky, better than he loves men, let him not weary himself to tell the world of it. But if the voice of pleading, suffering nature, and the wrongs of men, bring tears into his eyes, and strong words to his lips, let him speak them, for they will carry a blessing with them. If he feels at his heart that he can make men better by telling them what he thinks, let him write; and if he fail, the glory of trying to do good will be his.

The world is full of scribblers, and the great question now is, *Who* shall write? Doubtless, there are many men who can do it, but who shall be the chosen ones from such a vast multitude? Those, only, who can do good. Let him who can offer consolation to a broken spirit, — who can make men stronger and more cheerful under their burdens, — who can throw sunlight around domestic life, and hallow virtuous love, — who can make men laugh from the soul, not at the caricatures or failings of others, but from

good-nature, and the fullness of a heart overflowing with benevolence, — who can make men religious without taking the smiles from their faces, and link every duty and every pleasure with fervent thankfulness to God, — Let him write! The world needs such men. O, would the gifted ones of our race but go about the work of reforming the earth in earnest, what a paradise would they make of it! May they be impressed as they never have been with their obligations. If they will but fill their hearts with love, and noble purposes, God will touch their lips with a coal from his own altar. A. D. M.

SOLITUDE.

Call'st thou this Solitude?
It may be such to him whose heart is deaf
To the low voices of the flower and leaf;
Whose soul, by sense subdued,
Hears no sweet language in the murmuring flow
Of streams, and winds that through the woodlands blow.

It may be loneliness
To him, who ne'er in Nature's shrines hath sought
Communion with the great High-Priest of Thought;
Who, in the ceaseless press
Of idle aims, has never schooled his heart
To love the shrines of Nature and of Art.

But to the thoughtful soul,
To the pure heart that sees the Father-love
Shine o'er the earth, and burn in worlds above,—
To these the flowery knoll,
The trees, the vines that o'er the streamlet nod,
Are dear companions that discourse of God.

The air is rife with sounds
That seem like voices, urging to great deeds;
And he who these monitions truly heeds,
Will find, within earth's bounds,
No solitude; for, to a soul well-taught,
All earth and air are full of glorious Thought.

S. C. E.

"WATCH AND PRAY."*

BY MISS M. A. DODD.

WATCH and pray! the world deceiving
Spreads its snares around thy way;
But its vain allurements leaving,
Teach thy heart to watch and pray!
Watch, that blindness and temptation
Never there may enter in;
Pray that He who brought salvation,
All thy thoughts may cleanse from sin.

Mother, o'er thine infant bending
With a heart so full of bliss
That the angels near attending,
Smile upon a joy like this:
Hopes as fond as thine are wasted;
Flowers as fair must fade away;
Grief may lurk where bliss is tasted;
O'er thy treasure watch and pray.

* Mark xiii. 33.

Smiling on his peaceful slumber,
Clasping now thy cherub fair,
Does thy heart a moment number
Of the coming years of care?
Watch thou, while thy bird caressing,
That its wings be free from stain;
Pray that this thy dearest blessing,
Innocent and pure remain.

Maiden, in thy life's fair morning,
With an eye of deepest blue,
And a glimpse of Eden dawning
In the future of thy view;
Often by the lattice dreaming
As the twilight dies away,
And the stars are faintly gleaming, —
In thy chamber watch and pray.

Beauty with her light has crowned thee;
Pleasure comes to wreathe the hours;
Thorns are on the roses round thee;
Danger lurks among the flowers.
Watch thy heart; its wishes fashion,
And its bounding hopes control;
Pray that no unhallowed passion
Soil the ermine of thy soul.

Student, with the dark locks lying
On thy brow so pale and high,
With the light and shadow flying
O'er thy deep and thoughtful eye;

While the midnight oil is burning,
And the moments glide away,
Leave the tome thy hand is turning;
In the silence watch and pray!

Years of fame, and fortune smiling,
To thy vision open wide;
Fame so hollow, so beguiling!
Peril lingers by thy side!
Watch, that selfish, cold ambition
Build no wall around thy heart;
Pray, that faithful to thy mission,
Good to all thou mayest impart.

Christian, to the gospel turning,
As a lamp to guide thy feet,
While a hope is in thee burning
Many in the light to meet:
Though the path is fair and open,
Others there have gone astray;
Then while journeying and hoping,
Cease not thou to watch and pray.

Let no dark temptation blind thee,
In the way thy steps should lead;
Pause not, lest the future find thee
Leaning on a "broken reed."
Watch, and keep thy spirit garnished,
Free from every stain of sin;
Pray, with crown of faith untarnished,
Heaven's bright gates to enter in.

Sweet advice the Saviour giveth
For our health and comfort here;
Every sin-tried soul that liveth,
Ever to sustain and cheer.
Gentle sister, loving brother,
Turn not from his words away;
Anxious father, tender mother,
Jesus bids thee watch and pray.

THE MAN WHO ALWAYS FOUND FAULT WITH HIS DINNER.

BY MISS JULIA A. FLETCHER.

"A RESTING-PLACE at last," said my companion, as the coach drew up at the "Black Horse Hotel," in Derby upper village. "Now not a mile further will I travel to-night. I am half dead with fatigue, already, so here we stop till morning."

We had travelled about fifty miles in that most disagreeable of all conveyances, a crowded public stage, and right glad was I to hear this determination. We were soon quietly seated in the neat little parlor; the stageman had flourished his whip, and driven off with all the display usual on such an occasion; the group of idlers, who had gathered from the fields around to witness our arrival, had dispersed; and we ourselves had displayed a most decided genius for eating roast chickens and whortleberry pies.

What were we to do with ourselves the rest of

the afternoon? Too weary to ramble, and too stupid to read, I had spelled and respelled the word "Temperance," which was emblazoned in gilt letters upon the sign, until there was certainly no danger of ever forgetting it; and the stately black horse which was painted beneath, had grown as familiar as if it had borne me to and from the village school from infancy. Derby is (or was then) the most retired of all country villages. A few stray farmhouses, and now and then a group of laborers in the fields, were all the traces of thinking life which could be seen from the windows. Nature itself was hushed in the silence of a sultry August day. My companion had sauntered out to gather blackberries, and I had half resolved to follow, when a ragged-looking being who was approaching the house, attracted my attention. There was no mistaking *his* classification in society; a child would have exclaimed, "Mother, here 's an old stroller coming." An old stroller he certainly was, and I resolved to stay, and see the effect of this arrival.

"Good afternoon, Uncle Alf," said our good-natured hostess, as he entered. "You look tired; take a seat and rest you."

The old man seated himself on a bench in the rude portico, put aside his hickory walking-stick, and commenced fanning himself with his well-

worn palm-leaf hat, in a manner that plainly showed he was no stranger.

"Well, squire," said the landlord, advancing, "how do you find yourself this hot weather?"

"Pretty well, thank ye; but I am rather tired. I've walked twenty miles, to-day."

"And not a bit of dinner by the way, I suppose. Now should n't you like a bite of something to eat, and a glass of good root beer?"

"Well, I guess I should, for I suppose I shall get nothing stronger here," said the stroller, or squire, whichever he might be.

The hostess, meanwhile, had brought a small table, and placed it by his side in the portico. This was quickly covered with eatables and drinkables, which as quickly began to disappear before the appetite of the new comer. My position at the open window gave me an excellent opportunity to scan the being who had so opportunely broken the monotonous scene; nor did it pass unimproved. How to reconcile the title of squire, with the appearance of the man before me, was the puzzle. It might have been applied in jest, yet there seemed to be an air of deference in the manner of the worthy people when they addressed him, for which I could not account. He might have sat for a likeness of "the man all tattered and torn," he was so desperately ragged,

and his countenance bore evident marks of intemperance. This was probably the secret. He must be some rich person who had lost all self-respect by his intemperate habits, and had thus become disregardful of his dress. The respect of his entertainers was given to his known wealth, and not to himself.

Such was the sage conclusion to which I at length arrived, and it was much strengthened, when, after satisfying his appetite with a meal that would have sufficed, under ordinary circumstances, for two, he commenced some rather severe criticisms upon the quality of the food. The bread was heavy, and the butter not half salted; the meat was overdone, and the beer had not much taste to it. The hostess replied only by a quiet smile, and I was sure my surmises were correct. No vagrant, receiving food from charity, would have dared to find fault with it; and if he had ventured upon such impertinence, it would never have been received so calmly. Quite satisfied with these conclusions, I was turning my thoughts to other things, when the hostess entered the room, and seated herself with a kind inquiry if I was not lonely. Encouraged by the familiar kindness so peculiar to her profession, I soon ventured to ask her respecting the

object of my curiosity. "La!" said she, "it is only the man that finds fault with his dinner."

"Dear me," said I, "is that any thing strange? Why, I never saw a man yet that did not."

"Well, my dear," she replied, smiling, "if he is not singular in the fault, he has certainly suffered more from it than some. But I will hunt up my knitting-work, and tell you all about him."

The good woman had soon "hunted up" her knitting-work, adjusted the knitting-sheath to its place, and was ready to commence the story, while her fingers moved as blithely as her tongue.

"Twenty years ago, Squire Morrison lived in the great house on the hill, about a mile from here. You noticed it, perhaps; the first house on the left after you passed the brook. Well, it seemed as if nothing was wanting to make him happy. He was very rich, and had one of the prettiest little wives you ever saw. He was a good, kind man to the neighbors, and they all looked up to him as to a father. If there was any trouble in the village, Squire Morrison was always the one who was first consulted, and if a poor man lost his cow, his name was always first on the subscription to buy him another.

"Every one said that Mrs. Morrison ought to be one of the happiest women in the world, and

so she might have been, perhaps, if it had not been for one thing; whatever else was doubtful, this was always certain, that the squire would find fault with his dinner. In vain she dismissed her help and hired others; it was just the same, until there was not a girl in the village who would go there to live. Then she had to get help from the city, and this was still worse. They were generally ignorant and inefficient; for those who could get good places there, would not come so far into the country.

"It would have been wiser to have done her work herself, if she had known how, but she was the child of a rich southern gentleman, and had never been accustomed to any kind of labor, even to wait on herself. She was a slender, delicate woman, with little strength of character, but nervous and sensitive to a fault. Poor child, she had been too delicately nurtured for our cold climate. She was a little thing, only sixteen, when her father left her here, to spend the summer with her aunt, while he went out to England. Here she became acquainted with Squire Morrison, and they were married before her father returned. It was said that he never forgave her, and it seems quite probable, for he never visited her, although she was his only daughter, and her mother had died when she was but an infant.

Her aunt soon after went on to the south to live with her father, and now she was left almost alone. She had no one but her husband to lean on, and no wonder that the slightest complaint from him should affect her happiness. I have often thought had it been any thing of more real importance, she would have borne up under it; and this was afterwards proved, as I will tell you by and by.

"Well, things seemed to go on in much the same way with Squire Morrison for a long time. He still continued the richest man in the village, and he still found fault with his dinner every day. Mrs. Morrison had begun to get accustomed to it, and left off trying to get a cook that would suit him, wisely concluding such a thing to be impossible.

"At length, however, one of those reverses which are so frequent in our country, came upon the squire, and he was obliged to dispose of his house, and hire a small cottage near by. It is the one which you can just see half hidden among the trees at the right. Their handsome furniture all had to be sold, and every one was wondering how his wife would bear the change. We all thought it would be a deathblow to her, brought up as she had been in the midst of luxury, to go into that little house, with only

common furniture, and do her own work. But she bore it nobly. She gave up every thing of luxury, even the beautiful gold watch, which her father had given her before he went away; and though she was very pale, and spoke lower than usual, no one ever heard her complain. It was not want of feeling, however, for when her husband's creditors, one and all, refused to have the watch sold, and sent it back to her, she burst into tears, and seemed more affected by their kindness than by all her troubles.

"They were soon established at the cottage, and she had to commence housekeeping again alone. She had learned much since she had been here, especially when her help had left her, as they sometimes did, without warning; going off in a passion, when the squire had declared something they had cooked, 'not fit to eat.' She was, besides, willing and anxious to learn, and I do think, that if her husband could have only left off finding fault, she would have got along extremely well. But after toiling and worrying over the fire all the morning to cook the dinner, to have a little fault found with almost every thing, it was worse than all the rest of her trials. A weary lot it was, to be toiling so from morning till night, for her inexperience made every thing twice as hard to do; but if she

had had her husband's approbation to cheer her, she might have struggled on, and habit would soon have made every thing easy to her.

"To be without this, was the one trial under which she sank. It was like the one drop added to the cup which causes it to overflow; the one mile added to the traveller's journey, under which he faints. She became habitually low-spirited, and we were soon called to watch over her last sickness, and to follow her to the grave. It was a long procession, and I believe there was a feeling of remorse in every heart, for we felt that she had been left to pine away, for very lack of sympathy. When she first came among us, we regarded her with a species of jealousy, as being 'a fine southern lady,' and it was not until misfortune had placed her nearer to us, that we learned her worth. While she was rich and envied we shut our hearts against her; and it was no wonder, poor lonely thing, that she hid hers away from us.

"Her death was a severe blow to the squire, and he never recovered from it. He had loved her, notwithstanding his unkindness, and now that she was gone, he seemed to have nothing left to live for. He soon left Derby, and went we knew not where. We heard nothing of him for some years, when, one day, a poor, miserable-

looking being stopped here, and my husband thought he recognised him as being the squire. So, indeed, it was, but so altered that I never should have known him. Ours was not then a temperance house; in fact, we did not hear any thing said about temperance in those days, so we soon discovered the cause of his altered appearance. I believe that was the first thing that gave my husband his notions about ardent spirits; he felt so bad about selling to him, when he knew it was his ruin.

"Since then, he has done little but ramble about the country. Occasionally he helps the farmers a little about their work, but he never seems contented to stay in the same place more than a few days at a time. Sometimes he appears like one who is searching for something he cannot find, travelling from one place to another in the greatest apparent haste, and then relapsing into his gloomy mood. The children call him 'uncle Alf,' as his name is Alfred, but husband always says it seems most natural to call him squire. We always give him a welcome here for old acquaintance' sake, and set the best we have before him, but he never forgets to find fault with his dinner."

The sun had just sunk below the horizon, when the good hostess finished her story, and

starting up with a hasty exclamation of "Bless me! but you will be wanting some supper!" hurried off, as I verily think, to conceal her tears. The old man, who had been quietly smoking his pipe, all unconscious of the interest he was exciting, now rose, and remarking that it would be cooler travelling now that the sun had gone down, departed as he came, ragged, penniless, and alone. I have never heard of him since, but if I ever visit Derby upper village again, I shall certainly inquire after the man who always found fault with his dinner.

THE OCEAN OF TIME.

BY THOMAS L. HARRIS.

An ocean rolls ever, unfettered by bands;
Its white waves encircle earth's beautiful lands;
Beneath its deep waters of mystery lie
Proud temples whose minarets cleft the blue sky;
There gems in their brilliancy dazzle and gleam;
There blood-sprinkled banners of victory stream;
There odorous flowers are lovely in bloom;
There garlands of cypress droop over the tomb;
There hopes, like sweet seraphs of radiant crest,
With pinions unfolded dream ever and rest;
And there the sweet friends that we cherished and loved,
With whom like twin stars through bright heavens we moved,
Are peerless in beauty, and smile through their tears,
In all the rich glow of their innocent years!

The waters lie not in a motionless calm,
But chant as they roll with the voice of a psalm;
Now deep as the peal of the organ they swell;
And now like the chime of the sweet, Sabbath-bell;

Now soft as the plaintive lament of a dove,
With the whispered farewell of the friends of our love;
Then rising in power, and echoing out
With blast of the trumpet and victory shout;
Or mournful and wild with the burden of wo,
Where sighs gush like tears in their passionate flow;
Or thrill with their cadence the listening air,—
The hymn of the martyr, the voice of his prayer;
Or bear in rich volumes of music on high,
The anthem of angels along the deep sky!

The noble, the gallant, the beautiful, stand
On the wave-beaten brink of the desolate strand;
They tremble and sorrow, and wrestle with fear,
As the flash of the billow draws near and more near;
O'er palace and temple and court falls the spray,
And the age-lasting monuments crumble away;
No power the might of the waters may brave,
No greatness defend, and no loveliness save;
The beautiful fold their white hands on the breast,
And sink in their bloom to the place of their rest:
The noble! they stand upon honor's proud steep,
But the mountain-like billows reach them in their sweep:
And the aged! in trustful submission they fall,
That the same mighty ocean may roll over all!

Long ages the waters have sped on their way,
Like an army of spectres in battle array.
Through ages to come may their voice rise in might,
Like a requiem heard in the silence of night.

But the moment shall come when their reign will be o'er,
And their billows subside on eternity's shore.
For glory and splendor shall beam from the throne,
Till shadows have vanished and darkness hath flown;
And a voice full of majesty, music, and love,
Float down from the blue-beaming heaven above;
It shall gather and roll with a clarion blast,
Through thy caverns, thou desolate Sea of the Past!
And bid the pale sleepers arise, and come forth
In the beauty and bloom of the heavenly birth.

And the dead shall awaken, more glorious far
Than the angel whose crown is the bright morning star.
They shall cast the cold garments of sorrow aside, —
For sin rises not from the fathomless tide.
Above, love's white banner triumphantly wave;
And their leader be HIM who is mighty to save.
O'er the pathway of stars that no mortal hath seen,
Shall the glittering robes of the blessed ones gleam.
The portals of heaven wide open shall swing;
The arches of crystal with melody ring;
The song of redemption rise wildly and sweet;
And seraph to seraph the anthem repeat;
For the CHOSEN OF GOD, have in glory sublime,
Arose from the billowy OCEAN OF TIME!

EUTHANASIA.

BY MRS. L. J. B. CASE.

THE setting sun threw its rays into an open window, where an aged woman was sitting, and tinged with something of its youthful gold her thin, brown hair, now sprinkled with gray. Contrary to the fashion of her years, she wore it uncovered, and plainly fastened at the back of her head, revealing all its fine developement, and the calm, majestic thoughtfulness of her large, blue eyes.

It was the close of a bright, June day, and the little lake in front of the window sparkled and glowed in the descending light, while shadows crept along the interstices amongst the trees on its banks. There was no wind stirring their dark, green foliage. Bird and bee had ceased their melody and toil. Brilliant coruscations of that noiseless electricity known as *heat-lightning* were playing along the few thin clouds that hovered in the western sky, else nature might

have seemed too languid to make even an effort at motion. It was a tranquil scene, and its beauty went deep into the soul of the aged spectator,—the deeper, perchance, that more than half a century ago she had sat in that spot, and gazed upon it with the eyes of hopeful youth, dreaming its own delightful dreams. She was a solitary dreamer still, yet her visions now wore a different coloring and character.

There was an expression that might have been called melancholy, but for its sweet serenity, in her deep blue eyes, as she sat in her old-fashioned, high-backed chair, and looked out upon the landscape. Her life had revealed sad passages, (to whom does not a *lengthened* one, however fortunate?) but whatever had been its griefs, they had subsided beneath some holier influence, and her soul was at rest.

But there was now a spell on her spirit, with which the quiet beauty of the scene had little to do. The Past was around her. Years long perished were floating near in the soft, pensive light. She knew them as they came and looked into her soul, for each one had left there its witness, but she felt that all other relation was forever extinct. They had touched her intimately, and their lessons remained; but their spectral forms now spoke of bonds that were sundered forever.

More than two years had passed since Amy Hudson came to dwell in her native home, and this was the second *birthday;* no wonder that she was thoughtful, and that the Past came to her. She had ever been visionary, living more in the inner than the outward life, yet she had never forgotten the claims of duty, friendship, and society. She had even trifled among triflers, and worshipped at the shrines of earthly folly. But the delusion soon passed. She felt the unworthiness of such worship, and turned to the Father of spirits with an humble and contrite heart.

Amidst all the changes of her life, one vision never forsook her. It was of her early home. It haunted her amongst tropical groves; hovered over her pillow in her slumbers; in the delirium of sickness it came with intense power; and she prayed to live, only that she might die *there.*

The wish had been granted. When the last one to whom love or duty had bound her in that alien land had lain down in the unwaking sleep, she gathered up her little store, and returned to claim a never relinquished right in the old homestead, and spend her latest breath where the earliest was given. She left kind hearts behind her, to whom she had become endeared by long communion, and went to find a home in olden

memories, and a grave amongst a generation who knew her not, and who smiled at what they deemed her hallucination.

Shallow observers were they of the mind, or they had learned it makes its own companionship; that it is sufficient for itself, and independent of outward, human sympathy. Life had taught this to the lone and aged woman, or she had not left a circle of friends to dwell among shadows. Nor was she disappointed. Every thing about her had a tongue and language. The old furniture was full of tales of what had been. That very chair talked to her of twilights long ago, when she had sat thus and dreamed maiden dreams; when visions of a superhuman perfection and happiness flitted before her, to be hereafter realized in the name of *love*. That old mirror brought before her not only her own faded features, but faces that now are as the dust that hides them, and there was no shadow of the grave on their lineaments, so majestic in established faith, or joyous in undimmed hope. And yet that mirror was no enchanted glass; it is the *mind alone* on whose speculum nothing grows dim and perishes, where that which *has been* never ceases returning — alas! to the evil-doer, with a menace and a frown.

The sun had sunk, and shadows were swiftly

falling. The lightnings had ceased in the western horizon. A cool breeze had arisen, and from the trees a low quivering murmur stole to the ear of the listener. The dew had called forth the sweetness of leaf and flower, and a heavy perfume filled the air. She still sat by the window, watching the brooding night settling lower and lower upon the earth, while the stars looked out with their mild, loving eyes. They were the stars of her youth, still marching on their interminable pathway, and *they* had won no weariness or dimness, whilst *her* footsteps had grown slow, and mists lay upon *her* eye. The wail of tired childhood sounded in the rooms below, but she heard it not, nor the light footfall of the young girl upon the stair, as she passed to her innocent and happy sleep. The hushed beauty of the scene was powerful on her soul, and her thoughts were serene even as the starlighted firmament. What wonder the aged woman still gazed forth into the night? A strange, voiceless melody breathed from all surrounding things, like that heard in summer twilights of long ago. Nature had sung in discords to her ear, many, *very* many times since, but *that*, also, was far off, and but dimly remembered.

Twilight faded, and the darkness deepened.

Fire-flies flitted like living sparks of light on every side, and the voice of the whippoorwill rose shrill and clear amidst the gloom. The aged one knew by the sound that it now sang beneath the tree where it was wont to sing in her youth. That young, flourishing tree! it had grown old and died, and she blessed the careless husbandry that had left its sapless trunk and skeleton arms as a memorial of other days. That bird-note, so clear, so wild, then riveted her attention, but the musician was not the same. Years ago the dust of its little frame was scattered by the winds over hillside and plain. She thought solemnly and trustfully of man, and his destiny; how thus had warbled the earliest progenitor of that little melodist, and thus would sing his latest successor, while man, the immortal, is ever learning newer and sweeter tones as generation after generation hurries away into eternity.

Then she remembered the superstition that the Indians connect with this bird,—how it comes to warn those who are soon to depart into the land of spirits; and she thought how it sang there in the soft summer evenings before the death of her father, and how it ceased after the bier had borne away his deserted dust. Through all her life she had forgotten it, but now the fancy floated through her mind, that it might be a call

to the last of that household to rejoin the departed in a land where song never dies. She wept not at the thought, but her soul was filled with sublime and elevating prayer.

The hours passed on. The striking of a clock in a lower room rang loud through the silent house, and banished the reveries of Amy Hudson. Night lay upon the earth, moonless and solemn, and the stars told her it was late for aged eyes to be watching; yet she only rose, and placed her night-lamp unlighted upon a small table, which she drew to the window. She sat down by it, and leaned upon the table with her head resting on her folded hands. She looked no longer out into the night, neither did she sleep, for her soul was full of visions.

Mysterious is the life of the Soul. A study for ages is that little segment that moves between the cradle and the grave; how can mortal knowledge hope to comprehend any portion of the eternal circle that revolves beyond the stars? Solemn, also, is it in its utter isolation, its individuality and separateness from all things. Earthly circumstance and passion surround the spirit. They touch it at every point, agitate it with various and contending emotion, until it seems to be their sport, when lo! events and their emotions are gone, and it is calm, far-

seeing and alone — *alone* in a thickly-peopled immensity, holding permanent and real relation only to its Maker, God. It looks for that which so troubled and shook it, and finds only shapes seen in dreams. Lessons, it is true, have been written upon it as they passed, but the teachers have gone forever. Happy is the soul that gathers, from the changing phantasmagoria, lessons that shall abide the searching of eternity; that educes from all earthly condition a wisdom that shall not need to be unlearned as it goes onward in its immortal progress!

This state of isolation was now on the spirit of Amy Hudson. Her life passed in review before her, but it was vapory and cold. Its stirring events, that had pressed upon her heart with such momentous weight, now came as forms of mist, so unsubstantial, that they never could have touched her with pleasure or pain. Its emotions, once so overwhelming, were now as if they had never been. She seemed to have been wandering with phantoms in the mazes of dream-land, and had they not left traces of their presence on her life and character, she had hardly believed that they had ever been more than visions. But something within bore witness that these "airy nothings" had once assumed a reality and tangibility that fitted them for their appointed mis-

sion, then departed, and became only the remembered actors in a drama whose effect had been fulfilled. Her spirit had no recognition of a kindred nature with them. They were "of the earth, earthy," while it was triumphing in an assured immortality.

There were also shadowy forms that had once worn garments of flesh; how dear *they* had been, none but the aged and lonely spectator now knew; yet they came with a strange look in their passionless eyes, as though all communion between them was forever extinct. And so it was. The Soul had ceased to read the mysterious language that once established an intercourse between them, and it met them but with a stranger-greeting. On the verge of human life, the fiery handwriting of the animal becomes a dead letter to the spiritual Being, and the voices once so loud, fall unheard on the ear attuned to the tones of a better land. These forms were of those who had manifested companionship to the clay alone, and ministered nothing to the wants of the Soul. Their mission was with the mortal, and to the mortal were they realities; and now all bonds between them were sundered. Solemn were they in their pale, spectral existence, but their power to move again the serenity of her spirit could never return.

One of them floated by, bearing the similitude of him who had been as the life of life in the wild, unhallowed devotion of her youth. Well she knew it, for she had thrown love, hope, happiness, yea, almost life itself at its feet, and it had well-nigh won her to ruin. But now an unfamiliar glance was in its eye, and as it faded in the distance, it wore a look that seemed to say, "*Farewell! our paths are no more together.*"

Then arose other forms to whom her soul seemed kindred, and with some of whom it now for the first time recognised the hidden link that had united them, unknown to each, in the long pilgrimage behind. And though with these the Past was utterly cancelled, they had borne part in her spiritual enfranchisement, and she felt they would be near in eternity. They, also, had lessoned her, but the relation of teacher and pupil was over, and their mission done. Yet an indescribable expression on each face spoke of a sympathy that might still go with the spirit, wherever should be its home,—of a nature kindred, though apart,—of a communion of goodness with its like, that of a spiritual excellence, with the disenthralled soul.

A bright, childlike face drew near, with black, and softly luminous eyes, full of a holy, intellectual light. They were bent on her with a

serene, pure tenderness, such as the living cherish towards the dead, when a reminiscence of gentle beauty is all that remains of them in the mind. There was no smile on the small features, but a deep, calm, loving joy was there, heavenly and exalted above the love or joy of earth. She knew *that face*, though its original had long been dust, and *well* she knew, that time had as much worn her own mortal habiliments as the grave had wasted his young clay, and if her child-lover could stand before her now, he never would dream the faded, wrinkled woman was the fair girl he called his "wife" in his innocent affection. Deeply written on her mind had been his gentle image, though in the days of worldly hope it had been forgotten. Two or three years his senior, his boyish affection made small impression, and she wore his flowers, sang hymns with him, and admired the spirituality and precocity of his mind. But the *ideal* of her dreams wore the garb of manhood; and the noble-minded boy, with his high, imaginative soul, won from her only a passing regard, not even enough to check one enthusiastic word.

At length he came no more in the summer days to read poetry and sing hymns. Suddenly and awfully, in the glow of his early intellectuality, he was summoned, and departed.

She never saw his grave. She shed no tear over that pure-hearted and gentle child, who was swept like a spring-flower from her path, for life was full of blossoming hopes, and in her selfishness, refined and dreamy as it was, the young boy was forgotten.

Yet his existence, so brief and beautiful, had a ministry with her heart. Years after, when life had shed its flowers, the memory of that good and loving child was a rainbow shining over the field of trampled hopes; a vision that smiled, and invited her eye to the calm, bright heaven. When dismayed at her lot, when dissatisfied with mankind, and chafed under trial, the form of the young dead would arise with angel power, and her thoughts would subside again into trustfulness and peace.

She now saw how a memory can be a reality, how that which has no visible existence can be an efficient agent in His hands who is ever near to those who seek His righteousness.

Then came another form, bowed, feeble, with furrowed forehead, and thin, white hair. Far among departed years she traced that venerable face. She saw it in an humble pulpit, amidst unlettered worshippers. She marked the meek, trustful spirit that breathed in every change of the time-worn features. She listened while from

his lips went forth words of flame. He spake of Jesus and the cross — of a world gone astray in forgetfulness of God — of a humanity, full of weakness and unholiness, and her soul was bowed in prayer that the All True would make her worthy to approach Him.

She heard him speak of the Soul — of its burdens being lifted by submission — of the elevation it may attain above sorrow, guilt, and temporal evil, by giving up *its all* to the will of God, and thus on earth enter into the rest of heaven; and then she acknowledged, for the first time, the sense of worldly vanity, and heavenly blessedness.

One warm, spring Sabbath, that humble congregation waited to hear again the old preacher, and she, a young girl, was there. He came not. He never came again, for the feeble frame had worn out in its tasks, and he had gone to reap the reward of his labors.

That venerable face has arisen on many an hour. When the halls of mirth were gay with lights and music, when jewelled brows and sparkling eyes told falsehoods of the heart, and when her own danced to the measures of vanity, a calm, reproving glance would glide before her, and each pulse learn the thrill of a holier aspiration.

But the good seed was choked by the tares sown by the world, and even the affections had their share in leading her away from the fount of everlasting life; yet the old preacher and his lessons were not utterly forgotten.

Another face, neither young nor old, a female face, with a sad, careworn, yet meek and submissive look. Amy Hudson wept not over *her* grave when she left the village, a happy bride, more than a half century ago, but she had sat as a child beneath her gentle rule, and learned the first rudiments of knowledge from her lips, and all her patient care and gentle forbearance lingered in the mind of her pupil, like perfume around her memory. The village schoolmistress sleeps without a memorial, but they who knew her needed none to perpetuate her name. Her example had taught Amy Hudson more than science with its proudest boastings ever taught its devotees. It had unfolded to her the beauty of a meek and forgiving temper, of a forbearing and patient spirit, and when the day of her own trial was present, when deceived and wounded on the tenderest point, when her heart,—betrayed and wronged beyond even the possibility of an earthly reparation,—was hoarding up the contempt and hatred called forth by injured pride, this phantom-face had followed her daily steps,

and wrought itself into her nightly dreams, until she knelt and prayed to be able to forgive as she hoped to be forgiven. Then the evil spirits left the tempted, and peaceful thoughts came and ministered unto her soul. Well might the vision of the village schoolmistress come to the last birthday of Amy Hudson, for it had schooled her heart in its severest trials, as well as its earliest ones.

Another face — the brow and cheek of young manhood — a fair, undarkened face, with eyes *so full of soul!* — eyes, that spoke the language of a purer and higher world — why came that phantasm to the lone woman?

All the latter portion of her life had been influenced by that vision. Its living prototype flitted across her path in the sad noonday, when ashes lay where hopes had been, and her heart had sought refuge in indifference and worldly folly. She had wreathed her hair with gems, and listened to hollow words, and in the gay midnight frittered away her fleeting hours. But she paid, also, the penalty of such unthrift. The void was unfilled. She thirsted for other waters. Each night as she unbound the glittering baubles from her still beautiful hair, an incipient wrinkle told her of the false life into which she was submerged, and she keenly felt that the soul that is

plunged in selfish vanity, sins against *itself* as much as against its Maker.

Then she held communion with a *beautiful* spirit, one that knew no joy, no life, save in doing the will of God. And that face, with the deep earnestness of its gentle eyes, gleamed across her vain and mistaken course. It was as a rebuke uttered by a starbeam. Clear, mild, yet reproving, they spoke to a spirit whose intentions were right, who had known a glimpse of better things, and whose life was full of sanctifying memories, and then the whole current of her being was changed. She awoke from her selfishness, and pledged thought, feeling, and purpose, to a new and better covenant, and the aspirations born in that humble place of worship, beneath the voice of the old preacher, long ago, revived, and strengthened her hands to do another work. She wept in contrition. She shuddered at her life, and yet she had walked according to the laws of morality and society, and never felt that such walk might be full of sin, the sin of unreconcilement with God, and the sin of absorbing selfishness. She had lived as if earth were all. And had she been *happy*? A cloud had always been in her path — she saw it then — an unsubmissive and exacting selfish-

ness, a rebellion against Providence, a practical forgetfulness of God.

But it was past. That which time, sorrow, and worldly disappointment had failed to do, was wrought by a brief communion with a heavenly mind. She, for the first time, felt the force of the Saviour's words when he bade the *weary and heavily laden come to him for rest.* But she made no loud professions, she knelt at no new shrines, she forsook not her old faith, but a new fire was kindled on the altar, and she looked beyond creeds and forms for the hidden things of a religion that is above all doctrines and ceremonies, the heart-service that is rendered in its Holy of Holies.

That being passed away from her eye, though never from her thought. That face, so spiritually lovely, was shrouded among the coral islands of the southern seas, for he went to carry light to a heathen people. She never wept even at *his* death, for it was but the transfer of an angel to its home.

But the vision was with her always. Her lot was still in the world, and temptations thronged her way; but when the syren song was sweet, and resolve wavered, these blue, heavenward eyes were seen, and the tempter fled. Years went on, but that guardian memory left her not.

Sorrow again assailed her, and trial of many kinds, but all was met by a heart strong in the love of God, strong in its immortality, and, strongest of all, in its *deep, unasking submission.* And when the days grew shorter and darker, and winter was at hand, she blessed the vision that had been a guardian-angel to her spirit.

The soft, earnest eyes looked into those of Amy Hudson with a serious approval, and a recognition. She, too, was near the immortal state.

They gather near, until she seems to be surrounded by the holy dead — each one with its own serene beauty — calm, majestic, and kind.

That venerable pair! Is she now so purified from earthly stain she can meet *them* again, who were on earth the embodiments of all worth?

That sister-spirit, who shrank away from the first grief — she, too, is here, and her brow wears the sign of eternal bliss. She is her sister now only in the loftiness and purity of her nature; those earthly ties were severed long ago.

But she comes nearer; she touches the hand of the aged one, and lo! all weariness is gone. A strange ethereality is in its stead, and she seems to float upward without an effort.

Beautiful, exceedingly beautiful are those radiant forms who ascend with her on the per-

fumed air, while a melody, sweeter than mortal thought conceives, comes faintly on the ear of the aged one, as she floats upward from the receding earth!

Morning rose to the members of the household, and as its hours went on they saw not the lone woman at her wonted employments. They went into her room. They found her still sitting by the table, with her head dropped upon her folded hands. They lifted it gently; the breeze stole in, and waved a thin gray lock from the closed eyes. Then they saw the *unwaking sleep* was upon them, and said she died amidst *pleasant dreams.*

THE WEDDING, AND ITS EVIL GUEST.

BY J. G. ADAMS.

"Also to let pass the brutish disposition of those that think there is no true welcome, nor good fellowship, as they term it, unless there be a deep carousing of healths to the bride and bridegroom, till the whole company's wits be drowned in drink, that not religion only, but reason be wholly exiled, and the meeting itself be rather called a drunken-match than a marriage-feast."

THOMAS GATAKER.

THE lighted hall is early thronged
With happy kith and kin;
Childhood and age, health, beauty, mirth,
And song are ushered in;
And beaming eyes, and words of truth
From hearts sincere, express
Joy that another wedding night
Comes in its blessedness.

And vows are plighted, sacred vows,
Heard and approved of Heaven;
And trusting hearts made "one till death,"
Are to each other given.
Faith's prayer, affection's wish, the grasp
Of friendship's welcome, all
Bespeak in reverence, gladness, joy,
Love's holy festival.

And be it thus; in every eye
Joy's lustrous light should shine,
And music's strain, and dance, and song,
Their welcomes here combine;
Old hearts should now be young again,
And youth be learned anew,
That life, though stern, hath living bliss,
Where wedded love is true.

But see! amid that gladsome group
A guest in mask appears,
A buoyant youth he seems, in health
And freshness of young years;
His dress hath beauty's comeliness,
Bright locks his shoulders grace,
Though few his words, a charm goes out
From that still, witching face.

Warm hands give salutation true,
Soft lips to his are pressed,
And life to all else there enjoyed
Is he to many a guest;
So that when dance is ended, and
The song and viol cease,
Through festive dreams his lingering smiles
In loveliness increase.

Yet false that blushing loveliness,
Base and deceptive all;
An aged, wrinkled wretch stood masked
In that thronged festive hall!

Beneath the youth's exterior
There throbbed a demon heart,
In whose black strife for ages long
Our race have all had part.

The bright-haired murderer! his locks
Were hoar when Samson fell
Mid drunk Philistine enemies,
The judge of Israel.
On mighty Babylonian,
Where Rome and Carthage stood,
On Persian proud, and Grecian brave,
He came in blight and blood.

And since, his way is all o'erstrewn
With desolation dire,
And untold myriads of our race
Have fed his demon pyre.
State, church, and love's own home have heard
His pandemonium tread,
And from his presence honor, truth,
Love, joy, and life have fled.

And yet, upon the wedding night,
Where love and peace have come,
To give assurance of their reign
In one more happy home, —
This monster stands, with hellish smile,
That he among the rest —
Though death and ruin move his heart —
Abides an honored guest.

'T is time this spell were broken! now!
We bear the ill too long;
Bid Joy come to the marriage feast,
Rich Music, thrilling Song,
Health, Beauty, Love, Enchantment, even,
By Virtue made divine;
But in God's name, exclude, exclude
That demon-guest, THE WINE!

WHERE GOETH THE SPIRIT?

BY MRS. SARAH BROUGHTON.

Moonlight on the stream is glancing
With its soft and silvery rays,
And the dimpled waves are dancing
To their own bewildering lays.
Stars their glorious watch are keeping
On the high and holy hills,
But my eyes and soul are weeping,
And strange awe my bosom thrills.

Fearful shadows now are stealing
O'er those soft and soul-lit eyes,
Where high thought and holy feeling
Beamed like stars in summer skies.
Bright as life, those sunny tresses
Cluster o'er the forehead fair,
But chill death his seal impresses,
And strange quiet settles there.

When those radiant orbs were closing,
When the spirit rent its chain,
And on faith's strong arm reposing,
Calmly launched on death's dark main,

Where, amid the vast dominion
Of the All-Creating One,
Did the spirit furl its pinion,
When life's weary voyage was done?

Where the seraph-song is ringing
On the pure and ambient air,
And the stainless flowers are springing
By the waters bright and clear, —
Where the cherub-pinions waving,
Circle round the burning throne,
Thither, in life's fountains laving,
Thither the redeemed hath flown!

THE DEFORMED BOY.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

It was on one of those soft, golden days of autumn which seem like returns of Eden, that a party of young persons assembled in an open field for the purpose of hop-gathering. Nothing could make a prettier rural picture than this grouping of bright-eyed girls and gay young beaux beneath the large arbor they had formed of the graceful and luxuriant vines. There was scarce a girl among them that had not some green sprig or purple aster, or crimson cardinal-flower twisted among her silken locks; scarce a boy that wore not in his straw hat a drooping cluster of hops, or a bright plume of golden-rod.

Protected from the sun by their canopy of vines, and fanned by the breeze that rustled through it from the neighboring woodland, nothing could be pleasanter than their rustic employment. So many diversions, too, were contrived to lessen its monotony! One told the tale of

Cinderella, a hundred times heard before, yet ever interesting and ever new; another sang one of Burns' little songs, so appropriate for a scene of rural labor and festivity; the pitcher of cool root-beer was brought, and handed about; old jokes were revived, and laughed at as heartily as though now for the first time invented; a sly kiss was stolen by some roguish boy from the strawberry lips of the maiden at his side; and then, to check the uproarious merriment, a ghost-story, such as Tam O'Shanter reduced to prose, or the old ballad of "Margaret's Ghost," was related with due solemnity by some damsel whose story-telling talent made amends for the homeliness of her face.

Among the party was one who, though sharing cheerfully in these sports, did so more through benevolent sympathies than from any hearty gayety of feeling. He was a lad about fifteen years of age, possessing one of the sweetest and most intelligent faces in the world, but bearing in his person the curse of incurable deformity. All were kind to him, and all loved him, but neither their kindness nor their love could drive away the sadness at his heart. It was not merely his deformity that made him miserable; it was the feeling that he was spiritually *alone* in the world; that the sympathy of his race was for his

misfortune, and not for those high aspirations and holy emotions which were shrouded in his weak, misshapen frame.

There was, however, one in that merry group who knew him better than he thought. This was Ellen Mayland, the daughter of our late physician; a girl noted in Newburg for the sweetness of her temper, and the warmth of her attachments. She had known Otis Wendell all his lifetime, and was one of the earliest supporters of his little hobbling, awkward steps. The attachment formed between them then, had been a lasting one; but Ellen, quite a woman now, saw much less of him than when they were schoolmates together, and used to sit under the green oak during the long summer noon-time, telling each other stories of fairies, and crying over the hapless fate of the "Children in the Wood." Otis feared that now she had become a beautiful young lady, she would no longer interest herself in the poor little deformed boy who claimed her childish compassion. Tears came into his eyes when, at the close of the day, he saw her, with others, tie on her bonnet, and prepare to depart. Instead of joining the company, however, she turned to him, and said, "It is not night yet, by an hour or more. Let us have one of our old sittings under the green tree.

You know we used to be often together at twilight, watching the red rays die off from the hill-top. Go down with me to the old chestnut, and we can see them now, as beautiful as ever."

Otis grasped her hand. "O, Ellen, it will make me too happy!"

The "old chestnut" was the pride of our village, being of enormous size, and growing in one of the pleasantest spots upon the banks of the Kattequissim. Its roots ran along partly above the surface of the ground, and were covered with beautiful green moss that was kept constantly fresh by the trickling water welling up near the base of the trunk. Here, upon a dry spot of turf, the young friends found a seat.

"Now lay your little weary head upon my knee, Otis, and tell me why you have not felt happy, to-day."

He hid his beautiful face upon the folds of her dress, kissed them rapturously, and then, lying down so that he might gaze up into her eyes, rested his golden curls and glowing cheek upon her knee, as she desired. "How could you know I was not happy, Ellen? Did I not laugh, and sing, and tell stories, as much as any one of the party?"

"As much, but not as heartily. Your gayety,

to-day, had no soul. Now tell me, are you sick, or only sad?"

"You know I am never well, Ellen, never *quite* well; and I think these poor feelings often make me gloomy when I ought to be gay. But, O, I felt so lonely, to-day! There was so much in my soul that no one sympathizes with, that no one understands."

"But you will *find* sympathy as you grow older. A very richly-endowed spirit is always lonely and unappreciated in its youth, being far in advance of the generation with which its years would class it, and yet too modest and shrinking to claim fellowship with the ripe spirits that precede it only in age. But in a few years, Otis, your mind will grow so bold and strong, it cannot, like a little bird, sit any longer in its green-wood nest, but will soar up into the eye of day, where all men can see and admire it. *Then* you will have friends among the good and great; you will no longer feel lonely."

"Dear Ellen, your voice has been so long my oracle, I am half tempted to believe every thing it predicts. But you forget the great obstacle that lies in my way. My soul *might* fly but for the clog of this poor body. I do not murmur at my lot, Ellen, yet I sometimes feel like a caged lion, strong and furious, but ah, so helpless, so

desolate, so full of a great ambition that can never be satisfied. Who ever regards me as any thing but a being to be pitied and protected, but whose life must be always a burden to himself and a curse to his friends? And yet, Ellen, I have a soul within me which tells me that I was made to *act*, and not to suffer; to minister to the multitude, instead of living upon their charity. You will think me vain and foolish, I fear; but if I am so, you have more power than any one else to correct and improve me. Do so, Ellen. Be my monitor. Teach me how to conform myself to my low and miserable condition."

The poor boy clasped his hands, and looked up into her face with an expression so sorrowful and beseeching, it drew the tears from her eyes. She bent over and touched his forehead with her lips.

"Dear Otis, I am going to make you happy, if you will but promise to place yourself in my power, and do whatever I bid you. Will you promise?"

"Promise? Yes, any thing, every thing that you wish. I am yours. Do what you will with me."

"Well, this is my plan. You must go home to your parents, and get their consent that you shall come and live with mother and me. You

shall join Mr. Elliot's classes in Greek and Latin, and become, what I know you wish to be, a scholar. I have a little fortune that is, at present, lying useless on my hands. This I am going to invest in your education. Now, don't look so wild, dear Otis, as though you thought this intention of mine any thing out of the ordinary range of kindness. I have consulted mother, and she consents; and you know I shall never be easy or satisfied till my plan is fulfilled."

Otis heard this proposition with the profoundest surprise and emotion. "Are you really in earnest, Ellen? If so, I must be in earnest, too, and tell you that I cannot be so selfish as to consent to your plans. What! Ellen; do all this for *me*, who dare not hope to repay you one half the kindness you have already shown me?"

"Otis, you *must* consent. You are my brother. My heart has adopted you. I wish your life to be a useful and a happy one. To be useful, you must be active. Nature has forbidden you to be so, physically, yet in proportion as she has disabled your body, she has endowed your mind. Now ask your conscience, whether you will so nearly fulfil your duty by denying yourself the advantages of education through fear of wronging me, as you will by availing yourself of the means offered to render yourself widely

useful in the world. Supposing you never repay me, in any way. I shall not suffer by it. I have health, strength, and a love of industry. It would make me a thousand times happier to give all I have to you, without thought of recompense, than to be the mistress of a million, if I could not bestow it as I pleased. Do not deny me my will, Otis. You said, a few moments since, that you were mine, and that I might do with you as I chose. I hold you to that promise. You shall come into our family and remain with us till you are prepared for college; and O, my dear brother, will we not be happier than we have been before, dwelling under the same roof, studying from the same books, and trying every day to grow wiser and better? *Can* you resist my entreaties?"

"O, no, Ellen, I cannot. God forgive me if I do wrong in accepting such a great sacrifice as you will make for me; but your prayers are a law that I have no power to disobey. I *am* your brother; and I will cheerfully owe every thing to you. God grant I may become all you hope or wish. God grant I may prove worthy of your affection. With your eyes looking into mine, I half forget I am not in paradise. All the angels do not live in heaven. All the bliss is not enjoyed there. I can now realize some-

thing of the glories and joys of the upper world. There all are good and beautiful like you; no wonder they say it is a happy place."

Abstracted from all the world around them, full of happy and holy feelings, the young friends noted not the fall of the dew and the increasing dimness of the twilight. They were aroused by a footstep near them. A person approached whom Ellen recognised as Mr. Elliot, the teacher of Greek and Latin whom she had mentioned to Otis.

"I fear, Miss Ellen," he said, very kindly, "I fear you have been thinking more of poetry and sentiment than of health, in remaining so late abroad. I just came from your mother, who is quite uneasy about you. Will you not take my arm, and return? Otis, my dear boy, you shall lean upon the other. Forgive me for interrupting your interview. I did not know you were together."

Otis declined the proffered assistance, and bidding Ellen good-night, took another path toward the village. "How much that poor boy loves you, Ellen," remarked Mr. Elliot, as he quitted their sight.

"Not more than I love him," replied Ellen. "He has one of the noblest souls and truest hearts in the world; but how little is he appre-

ciated! The world cruelly wrongs those who are physically unfortunate, by looking upon them as objects of pity, merely, when they may have intellect of the loftiest order waiting only to be encouraged to put forth glorious developements. This is the case with Otis. He is painfully sensitive to his misfortune, and has felt chained down by it to helpless desolation. I have been trying to cheer and uplift his spirit, to-night. I believe I have succeeded."

"As you always must, Ellen, in every thing you attempt. A dark heart must that be which would not be cheered by your encouragement."

"I have been persuading Otis," she continued, "to join your classes in the languages. He has consented."

"Indeed! with what view did you counsel it? I had supposed his parents too indifferent to his fate to make great sacrifices for his education; and, with their poverty, it must require great sacrifices to pay the expense of a collegiate course."

"His parents, it is true, have little feeling for him. They cannot appreciate the jewel God has given them in that misshapen casket. But he has friends who know him better, and who are willing to do every thing in their power to assist him. If his parents do not object, he will join

your classes next week; and his home he will find beneath my mother's roof, who has the kindest affection for him, and regards him almost as a child of her own."

"This will be a kindness to me, as well as to Otis. Much as you seek to disguise your favors to me, my heart perceives and appreciates them. This is the *twelfth* scholar you have obtained for me, Ellen. Two months I struggled on with but *four;* now I have twenty. O, you are every body's good angel!"

Ellen deserved this praise. In yielding assistance or relief, none was so active and willing as she. When Mr. Elliot came to Newburg, and she learned that he had been obliged to give up his studies on account of ill health, and that he was poor, and had no friends to assist him, all her benevolent feelings were excited, and she went about among her acquaintances to arouse their sympathies in his behalf. He opened a school in the village, and Ellen had been unwearied in her efforts to procure him patronage. He was now much encouraged. His health was every day improving, and his school becoming more prosperous. Can it be wondered that he called Ellen a "good angel?"

It may be supposed that Otis did not drink sparingly of the fountain of knowledge that was

laid open to him. He devoured books with a most unhealthy appetite. He pored over them till his eyes grew large and bright, and his cheek hollow and fevered. The spirit within him seemed consuming its shrine. Ellen saw the danger, and with her customary resolution, interposed. At first, she gently cautioned him; but finding this ineffectual, she spoke out more decidedly. She reminded him of his resolution to become a benefactor to man; to acquire knowledge as an intellectual lever whereby to raise the world. Instead of that, he was making a revel of his studies; he was pursuing them to an unhealthy excess; already had they intoxicated him. His brain no longer clearly perceived the path of duty, but was intent only on self-indulgence. At this reproof, Otis wept, and fell on his knees at Ellen's feet, promising to be guided only by her. She did not abuse her power. Tenderly soothing him, as a mother would soothe a nervous child, she brought him back to temperance and calm reflection.

Two years went by, and Mr. Elliot having partially recovered his health, and completed the study of divinity, received, at the marriage-altar, the gentle hand of Ellen Mayland.

Very soon after her marriage, Otis left Newburg to enter upon his collegiate studies. We

select one from among the many letters that he addressed to Ellen during his residence at Cambridge. It was written when he had been there about one year.

CAMBRIDGE, JUNE 7, 1790.

DEAR ELLEN:

Your letter came when I was down-hearted, and revived me. How precious were its eloquent words of encouragement. Bless you, my more than sister, that amid all your numerous and peculiar duties, as a wife, mother, and the companion of a Christian pastor, you still continue to interest yourself so warmly in my success. I never can forget how much I am your debtor.

Because I speak of being down-hearted, you must not suppose I find myself unhappy here. I have many warm friends who do much to encourage and improve me. And books are inexhaustible companions. I appreciate them more truly every day that I live. But my aim is not enjoyment merely. I have something to do in the world, and my object here is to acquire intellectual power to fit me for my duties. Others may strive for college honors, *I* will strive for *your approbation*, and to qualify myself for future usefulness in the world. When I was younger, Ellen, I used to mourn over my

physical misfortune; but now I rather congratulate myself upon it, it throws me so entirely upon my inward strength. If I had the form of Apollo, I might be meditating how to display it most strikingly in the circles of fashion; but now my thoughts are wholly devoted to the means of making my mental power counterbalance my bodily infirmity. I owe much of my present healthy frame of mind to your gentle and judicious counsel. Indeed, Ellen, what do I not owe to you?

You wish to know whether I have yet decided on a profession. Yes, Ellen, I will be a lawyer! You will, perhaps, at first, be disposed to doubt whether this opens to me the broadest sphere of usefulness. You, the young wife of a clergyman, will, of course, look with peculiar favor upon the sacred profession. Or, perhaps, you will recall the extensive usefulness and benevolence of your father, and advise me to engage in the practice of the healing art. I disparage neither of these callings, Ellen, but *my* path is to the courts of earthly justice. Shall I tell you in what manner I hope to make myself useful? If there are poor men oppressed by the powerful, I will defend and relieve them; if rich men commit wrongs against the destitute and helpless, I will rebuke them; I will endeavor to conform human law to

Divine law, and persuade men to carry their religion about them in their everyday life. Wherever I find public vice, injustice, and fraud, there will I work with a bold heart, and tireless zeal, till virtue, justice, and integrity, are substituted in their place. Ellen, if God will but bless my efforts, my life shall not be fruitlessly spent.*

Every day that I remain in college, I grow more in love with mankind. The good traits of human nature are constantly revealing themselves to me. My misfortune, which I once supposed would be a perpetual misery to me, has served me as an "open sesame" into the hearts of all with whom I associate. I wish you could know them, Ellen, they are so kind to me. But kind as they are, they can never equal you. No, my dear friend, you will always remain queen of my heart!

Thank you for giving that little one my name. May he do it greater honor than I ever can hope to. Every morning, Ellen, I pray for your happiness, and every evening meditate on your

* The sentiments of this paragraph are not fiction. Story-writers have sometimes been charged with giving too bright a coloring to their characters. Have those who make this charge, ever by kind words and true sympathies unlocked the hearts of the good and gifted, and counted the treasures of noble feeling and elevated motive that lie hid within? If so, how can they call fiction an exaggerated copy of nature? It seldom equals it.

goodness. God bless your husband and child, and, O, my dear friend, most devoutly do I pray, God bless *you* forever!

Your most grateful and affectionate

OTIS.

While our hero is quietly pursuing his studies, we will return to our friend Ellen, at Newburg. Four or five years of her wedded life passed happily away; two sweet children brightened her home, and in the love of her husband, and the friendship of his parishioners, she found the claims of her heart fully answered.

But gradually her husband's health began to fail; and month after month wore away bringing no encouragement or relief. At length he was obliged to suspend his pastoral duties, and give himself up to the cares of the nurse and the physician. His disease was a lingering pulmonary affection, which devoured him, as it were, by inches. Ellen thought a southern climate might benefit him, and prevailed upon him, after many entreaties, to remove to Florida. A year passed on, and although no change of a permanent nature appeared in the disease of the invalid, the climate seemed to retard its ravages, and afford some relief to his sufferings.

But poor Ellen was harrassed by other anxie-

ties than those which grew out of her husband's illness. Their pecuniary resources were nearly exhausted, and she knew not where to apply for aid. It came, however, from a source whence she did not expect it.

She was sitting by her husband's couch, one day, towards the last of the month of April. The weather was exceedingly warm, and both her children lay sleeping on a pillow at her feet. The invalid, also, had fallen into a light slumber, and Ellen, having no one to mark her tears, suffered them to flow freely.

She was employed in mending an old dress for her little boy, for she had no means of buying new ones. They were already much in debt, and there was no prospect of any favorable change in their circumstances. Had she desired to return to her friends at the North, she was without money to defray the expenses of the voyage, and could not bear the idea of applying for relief to those who had already assisted her more than they could well afford.

"They must not know how I suffer," thought she; "least of all must Otis know it; his heart would break, if he could not relieve me."

A domestic now appeared at the door, holding up a letter. Ellen sprang forward, and eagerly grasped it. "From home!" she murmured,

pressing it to her lips. A glance at the post-mark, however, told her it was not from home, but from Otis Wendell. It was long since she had heard from him, and a thrill of joy shot through her frame, at the idea of receiving some tidings of her beloved friend. The letter enclosed a five hundred dollar bank-note, and only these few lines:

DEAR ELLEN:

God has prospered me, and may I never cease to bless him for enabling me to make this small acknowledgment of my great debt to you. I am practicing law in New York, and with considerable success, which I know will give you pleasure. I hope your health and cheerful spirits are spared to you through your long and sorrowful trials, and that your watchings and prayers may not all be in vain. I had thought of going to Florida, expressly to see that you have the attention and comforts you need; but important law-business unavoidably detains me. Write to me, Ellen, a faithful account of your situation, and if any thing is wanting to your happiness that human aid can supply, remember you have a devoted brother in

OTIS WENDELL.

If Ellen had wept tears of sorrow before, those

which succeeded the perusal of this letter were tears of the purest joy. Such unexpected relief might well gladden her heart, and coming from one so dear to her, one she had loved from her very infancy, and assisted from a low and miserable condition to a station of usefulness and honor, it had a threefold power to make her happy.

Her husband noticed the change in her countenance when he awoke, and when she communicated to him the cause of her joy, she saw his own eye brighten with glad emotions, and a faint flush steal over his cheek that had been colorless for many long weeks. She had told him but little of her trials, but he was not so ignorant of them as she supposed; and the anxiety and distress he had secretly endured for her, had done more than disease to waste the decaying energies of his life.

From this hour a favorable change seemed wrought in his system, and Ellen began to hope for his recovery once more. Through the summer, he was able to walk out a short distance, every day, and sit at her side with cheering words to lighten her constant toil. November had hardly commenced, however, when he was again brought low by a sudden and alarming renewal of his old complaints. In a short time he

was more reduced than he had ever been before, but lingered along through the winter, and early months of spring; and then a new cup of affliction was given poor Ellen in the sickness of her children. They were attacked by scarletina, and only two days elapsed before little Ellen, the baby, preceded her father by a few hours to the world of spirits.

It was the first of May, that a gentleman made inquiries at the public houses of St. Mary, Florida, for the residence of Mr. Elliot, an invalid from New England. He was at length informed of his death, and of the sickness of his wife, who now lay in the most dangerous stages of the yellow fever, which had just begun to infect that city. The gentleman hastened immediately to her dwelling. He opened the door, and proceeded from room to room, finding each one deserted. His heart began to sink, when a low moan attracted him to a little apartment in the rear. Here he found Ellen, alone, helpless, and suffering all the horrors of that frightful pestilence. He went up to her couch, and bent over her pillow. She opened her eyes, and gazed at him vacantly, for a while. The tears rolled down his cheeks, and fell upon her fevered brow.

"O, Ellen!" he passionately exclaimed, pres-

sing her burning hand in his. She uttered a feeble cry, and murmured the name of Otis; then closing her eyes, the tears gushed rapidly from beneath the lids. They seemed to relieve her brain, for she gazed up at him more brightly than before, and earnestly entreated him to leave her, and escape from the dangers of the pestilence.

"Leave you, Ellen? Never! till you are restored to health and friends. Never, Ellen, will I leave you to suffer alone, while my life and reason remain!"

Otis was true to his word. He procured every comfort and assistance that was needed, and watched over her with the tenderness of a mother. He looked after the welfare of her little boy, who had been early removed from the contagion, and carried daily tidings to the couch of the anxious invalid.

We need not prolong the details. Ellen recovered at last, though very slowly and imperfectly. It was with many sad forebodings that Otis assisted her to embark for a northern climate. Her frail body seemed almost ruined by the ravages of sorrow and disease. Still, he hoped much from old influences, and the careful nursing of her friends. He hoped much from the natural buoyancy of her spirits, and the original

strength of her constitution. He rejoiced to see her eyes light up with joy when they drew near the shores of New England. He watched her with the intensest interest, when she sat sometimes upon deck, with her little boy in her arms, to see the deep delight she experienced in the intelligence and sweetness of his childish talk. The boy was very beautiful, and loved his mother with a depth of reverence rarely observed in one so young. This trait in his character did more than all else to wean Ellen from thoughts of the past — this, and her confidence in Heaven.

The first step Otis took on his arrival at Newburg, was to purchase the dwelling Ellen had formerly occupied, and fit it up comfortably for her residence. He restored as much of the old family furniture as could be obtained, and, in every arrangement, delicately consulted her preferences. She knew him too well to distress his noble nature by manifesting any reluctance in accepting his generous aid; and as soon as he saw her pleasantly reinstated in her old possessions, he returned to his business at New York.

Otis had conquered much of his early morbid sensitiveness, and now moved among men as one conscious of abilities to do them good. He had steadily refused political preferment, but, in any civil capacity, was ready at all times to exercise

his talents for the public benefit. He soon rose, as all truly great and good men must rise, into honor and popularity. A circle of warm friends and admirers gathered around him, ready to use every possible influence and exertion to promote him to any station they could prevail on him to fill. He was too well satisfied with his success in doing good as a private individual, to court more elevated honors. It was not applause that he desired, though when men praised his eloquence and learning, he was happy to feel that his soul had risen superior to its early weakness, and that the life his young heart foreboded would be one of misery, had been already full of activity and happiness.

He was universally regarded as the friend of the friendless, the guardian of the weak and tempted, the benefactor of the suffering poor. When, at length, at a mature period of his life, he rose from the bar to the bench, and sustained the character of an upright and impartial judge, there was no man regarded with more universal respect and individual admiration than the poor little deformed boy, who, thirty years before, had sat at Ellen's side, and deplored, with tears, his lone and miserable condition.

Among the beneficent acts of his life, none is more worthy of record than his kindness to El-

len's son. Not content with placing the mother in circumstances almost affluent, he took young Otis under his own guardianship, educated him at college, and received him into his law office with all the advantages he would give to an only son.

Ellen, who had no happiness apart from her child, also removed to New York, and was introduced by Judge Wendell into the highest circles of society as the benefactress of his early life, and, from infancy upward, his best beloved friend. She had now passed the meridian of life, but preserved the same cheerful sweetness of temper and kindness of heart that characterized her early years. Though she never quite recovered from the effects of her sickness and affliction in Florida, she manifested none of the languor and depression of an invalid. Always interesting herself in some scheme of benevolence, she forgot her own weakness in the real sufferings of the multitude that surrounded her.

Otis Elliot distinguished himself in his profession, though he never attained to the greatness that marked the riper years of Otis Wendell. He married a lady of great wealth and accomplishments, who opened her splendid establishment to her husband's most revered friends, his mother and Judge Wendell, and bade them welcome to an abiding home. They accepted the

offer with sincere pleasure. They gathered around one fireside — Ellen, the senior of the group, with her snow-white hair parted smoothly from her calm forehead, and her slender frame bowed with weakness and age; Otis Wendell, the irreproachable judge, the man of countless charities, with his fine countenance marked with the first furrows of time, and bearing a look of serene dignity that was doubly impressive from its contrast with the physical diminutiveness and deformity he had borne about with him from the hour of his birth; Otis Elliot, the handsome and idolizing son of an equally idolizing mother, with his beaming eye glancing from his young bride to his aged mother, and thence to his beloved guardian, to rest with equal tenderness upon each; and, lastly, the young bride herself, the link that had drawn these dear beings into one happy household circle, to be separated no more in life, with her beautiful face turned ever fondly upon her husband's — these all gathered daily around one board and one hearthstone, and presented one of the loveliest examples ever seen, of that faithful and deep-rooted friendship, which increases with every added year of life, and passes out of this state of being to that which is more perfect, to receive an eternal confirmation in the immediate presence of Deity.

SUNDAY MORNING.

Rest for the burdened beast!
He hath borne his toil o'erlong;
In the blossoming fields let the poor thing feast,
Where the rivulet sings its song.

Rest for the man of toil!
He hath wrought at noble deeds;
His work shines bright o'er the fertile soil—
Let his *soul* have the food it needs!

Rest for the careworn heart!
It hath worried the long week through,
But to-day it biddeth its cares depart,—
O, why not its *sorrows*, too?

Rest for the weary world!
It needeth a day like this—
A day when its pennons of strife are furled,
And it dreameth of heavenly bliss!

BIRTHDAY THOUGHTS.

BY HENRY BACON.

HERE again is June, balmy and musical June, redolent with grateful life, invigorating the whole being. I love to look out upon the charms of the season around me, and think that thus it was when first my sight greeted God's handiwork. How vacant was then my gaze! How the eye turned away from the dazzling light as it chanced to find entrance to the darkened chamber! How vainly did the flowers bloom in beauty, brought by the hand of affection! All was "without form and void."

But now, O God! how beautiful is the scene before me! With what unspeakable rapture do I look abroad on the fair landscape, and on the "human face divine!" Life is not mere instinct on this birthday; and though mine eye beholds not the light of my mother's face, I see it more clearly then when cradled in her arms. One and thirty years have rolled on, and the wheels

have glittered with the light of a mother's love all the while. As onward in the swift journey I have passed, flowers of affection have ever bloomed around my path, however the seasons have changed, and I have been blessed indeed. And what has given me the power to see the tokens of Divine and human love — to read the pages of life's ever-opening volume, and to look abroad with an eye that *sees?* It is the unfolding of Mind! Mind, to which God is Father! Mind, whereby the perfections of the Deity are perceived in his works! Mind, that makes us capable of immortality.

The body has ever been like an instrument, gradually perfected, and all the time permitting the spirit to play upon it, or to work with it, and thus manifest the spirit's progress. The hand that now writes is a wonderful mechanism. Once, all that it could do, was to stretch itself forth to twine the slender fingers amid the maternal locks, and to cling by instinct to protective love. Now, it can write out words that go home to the heart, and bid that heart exclaim, "This is truth! This is comfort!" I pause in rapt wonder as I muse on the woven letters that come from my own pen, and see how readily a few dark lines open my soul to thousands of other souls, bearing, swifter than light, the idea that now

springs up from the mysteries of thought, to kindle other ideas. What changes have intervened between that *once* and the *now!* Changes, at which my soul wept as they came, and seemed only prophetic of evil; changes, at which my soul rejoiced, for they looked upon me, I thought, with a loving eye! But alike they have disciplined the spirit, and the hand that writes can send messages which shall be welcomed by sympathy to many hearts, to whom it could send no word but for this varied experience. The mysteries of the past, now illuminated, bid me look forward with a serene spirit, and when dark forms come, to twine no thorny wreath, lest it be placed on the fair brow of a meek Saviour.

Love welcomed me into being; it has stood by me in all changes of existence; it is around me now. I will not commit the sin against the Holy Spirit, by doubting its eternal and ever-blessing activity. Much have I known of sickness and pain, and even amid strangers I have never failed to meet kind ministries for the one, and sympathy for the other. The human heart has great sympathies! The goodness of our nature is not seen amid the hurrying world, but where the soul is made to pause and think, to be itself and not a dreamer. There and then, the stern man is meek and gentle; and he who seemed

devoid of fine sympathies, and delicate affections, who has stood like some firm rock amid rivers of blood, his sharp features only illumined now and then by the lightning of clashing steel, becomes like a trembling culprit, who knows not what to do to make known his deep and acute feelings. A rough hand has done me many a kindness, and almost angry have I seen a countenance become in the effort to control the manifestation of strong tenderness in a seemingly stoical soul.

I love my race, for I think I ought to; indeed, I cannot help it. I cannot look upon a hardened criminal but with pity, for I think he could not have been such if he had dwelt ever amid the love that has blessed me; and no tale of romance, no melting lay of poesy, ever reached me with such overwhelming tenderness as the simple words of the condemned murderer, who said he had *one* comfort: He whispered to a confidant, after he had seen the indictment and verdict, "They hav'n't spelt my name right, and my mother afar off will not know that her son died on the gallows!" Poor man! one star shone bright amid the clouds that hung over him! Fearful lightnings flashed amid their darkness; but ever and anon through the rifted

masses, he beheld that light which hung above his cradle, and was all heaven to him then.

Ah, we do not ask enough what love has done for us, and too many speak their tenderest words above "a mother's *grave*." Let the unheeding begin to muse over the living tomb of a living mother's love — the ungrateful heart! and it may be that a resurrection will bless them, bright and beautiful as the daughter of Eternity. Come, angel of memory! roll away the sealed stone from the mouth of the sepulchre! Then shall the hand that would readily bear spices to embalm the dead body of affection, be busied in acts of reverent love towards the living. Hallowed be the brightest symbol of heavenly love! Thirty and one years it has been before me — what has it taught me? I cannot give to another the answer; "For what man knoweth the things of a man, but the spirit of man which is in him?" One answer I will give: one and thirty years have taught me the value of existence.

Existence! what is it? I have no metaphysics, no philosophical subtleties, at command, wherewith to pretend to solve the mystery. What *is* life? shall yet be asked by millions, but not one voice shall lift a single tone to give an authoritative, certain answer. Definitions will need defining; the analysis must yet be ana-

lyzed; the solution will become a new problem. We can only speak of life as the words leap to our lip by reason's play, when the query sounds in the ear. Existence is consciousness, thought, emotion, affection, action.

There are times when we so pause before the presence of beauty and joy in nature, or when some incident has varied the monotony of life so much that we have no ideas, and all sentiment and feeling mingles dreamily together, and yet the simple consciousness that *we live* is an all-pervading bliss. Every sense seems to be instinct with spirituality; and the eye that looks upon us, gazes as on a statue of rapture.

I have lain down in the cool shade of the oak, by a running stream, in summer time, and gazed on the loveliness that was spread out before me. Far off, the blue-robed hills lay in the distance, while the broad river slept beneath, flashing at times with peculiar brightness, as smiles flit across the face of a dreaming babe. On the right, rose the green forest, through which the interlaced light shone upon the verdant meadow, and made the margin of the stream a beautiful mosaic. Gushing melodies were poured forth from the throats of many wood-songsters, and the glad air became lighter and more volatile as its waves bore the music along. Far away on the

left, stretched the cultivated fields, the pastures, and the orchards of the yeomanry, while the farm-houses and cottages were scattered amid these, all beautiful and pleasant in the distance. Farther still, the clustered dwellings of the village were seen, while the tall spire, on which the broad vane glittered in the sunshine, rose as a monument to the religious sentiment — a monument of departed activity and living zeal.

Following the winding stream at my feet as it moved on to the river, the eye caught the sight of the road and the bridge, and followed the merry school-children as they flitted to and fro amid the trees, and in joyous train chased the carriage of some hearty villager "known to all the country round" for his good-nature, and the showers of fruit that came from him with such well-timed chance, just as the huzza of freedom was given by the uncaged birds of the school-house.

To lay on that soft bank, and gaze out on all this, while the gentle ripple of the lazy streamlet fell on the ear, was bliss enough. Consciousness of life was the whole of existence then. To live — to know I was alive, that I could look out on the beauties of nature, that I could drink in the peace of the scenes that were spread before me, was unutterable bliss.

But when existence became Thought, a new

element of pure pleasure was imparted — a new fountain was opened. Meditation took hold of the indistinct impressions, and changed them into perfect pictures. Each awakened a vast train of thought, that led, with a rapidity that art can never equal, over immense territories, and away back into the past of tradition and history. And with these came Emotion, varied as the scene varied — now absorbing the soul in the interest which gathered around some story of heroic struggling, or eccentric goodness, or hazardous enterprise; and then waking up the gentlest sympathies by some tale of infantile suffering, or juvenile enjoyment. Thought brought back the ramblings with beloved friends through those wood-paths; and many a rock, and hill, and tree, were discerned with which sweet poetry was united. The grass seemed greener where we had shed tears of farewell in the moonlit hours, when long months or years were to separate us; and there was the tall elm against which we leaned in despair, and from which we sprang with new life when hope came. There was the grave of the stranger, made far away, at the time, from the trodden paths; a loathsome and contagious body was there committed to the earth, and yet laid gently to its rest, because it was the frame of a human being.

Again the solemn thoughts that once paced through the youthful soul returned, and again the prayer was offered, "Let me die at home!" Home! a new element was now added to thought and emotion, and existence became Affection, and affection recalled Action — manifested life. All the wondrously mingled memories that arose, and now arise, centre in one great question, — How has a mother's love shone in thy life? This unites the first and the last moment of existence — the fartherest past and the nearest present.

A mystic river flows on. I see its first waters — O how pure! Placid as the stream where you can count the veins of the leaves which are mirrored on its surface. Tears fall and disturb its smoothness, but all is quiet in a moment, for the purity of the waters is unsoiled. On, on they flow, and their beauty becomes darkened as impurities are permitted to mingle in, and the serene heavens above are broken into fragments by the opposing waves, as they roll into the waters that smiled back the lovely hues of the skies. The river deepens and widens, as another becomes united therewith, and branches issue therefrom and return. How many currents course now through those waters, turning, and throwing, and whirling the river till it seems an

epitome of all the seas, and then lengthens out in all the placidity of the quiet lake.

But how clear and distinct, in all the course of this perpetual River of Life, do the flowings of a mother's love appear! Unchanged, the silver current moves on, winding itself wherever there is a varying of the course of the river, and turning, by its gentle force, the whole mass from where, swift rushing, it would be dashed, in convulsive torrents, into the far depths, to mingle at once with the ocean of eternity. As I glanced through memory's glass on this river of life, I caught the vision of some portions more distinct than others, and I will give them in word-sketches of birthday thoughts.

THE FIRST CRIME.

The first incident which I can recall, presents me very much in the situation of Eve when she grasped the forbidden fruit. It was a day for "company," and preparations were made, while they were in the "sitting-room" below, to please the appetite. The table was bountifully spread in the upper-room, and while all were absent, a youngster, who was older than myself, reasoned me into the belief that it would not be wrong to take for him some of the tempting cake. It would be wrong — so the argument ran — for

me to take the cake for my own eating, but to get it in order to be kind and generous to him, would be fair and honorable.

Impulse betrayed me. I knew that I should have some given me when the "company" were supped, but he would then be gone; and so, thought I, here goes to make equal. I was caught; but all the circumstances of the case were examined, and the impression made on my heart by the mode of cure adopted, is now grateful. I know not what was done, but I see the look that was bent upon me. I learned to be just, before being generous. Too many are apt to speak of "*crushing* all offences in the bud," as though the first crime should meet with a severity that would never be forgotten. Better, far better, that it should meet with a kindness that will never fade from the memory. The latter, unlike the former, does not wake up an antagonism in the heart, springing from a consciousness that the worst has been feared by the parent in his case. You must keep the conscience of the child on your side, if you would be successful in doing him good. You must not so act, as to leave him brooding over the thought that he has been wronged — that he did indeed merit punishment, but not *such* severity — that he did indeed fall before temptation, but yet *some*

trust ought to be exercised towards him for the future.

Undue severity often throws a child into an antagonistic position, in which he cannot be made to feel his own guiltiness. He labors to find apologies for his conduct, whereas, by kind treatment, he would be inclined to be severe upon himself. "Look for the good to be found, and keep that active," is the motto for every one who would unfold the best character in a child. As gently as a mote is extracted from the eye, should be the attempt to remove the first moral defect in the character of a child. Clearly manifested love should deal with the first crime.

THE HAND-CHARM.

How many months did I lie in my crib suffering acute pains in my head! A fever at two years old left me a wreck for years. I thank God that I can remember those times; yet I cannot recall one throb of the terrible anguish I endured. The evil, how transient! The good, how permanent! As I lay, at four and five years old, suffering intensely from gathering ulcers in the ears — pain as acute as any *tooth-ache*, but different, inasmuch as the one is aggravating, inclining the sufferer to acts of violence, while the other is melancholy, subduing the soul,

and inclining to the weeping of such tears as we shed upon the grave of the beloved,— as I lay, subject to this pain, if my mother would remain by my side, and lay her hand on my brow, gently, at times, stroking it, the demon of agony was chained! I lay in quietude, broken only at times by the sharp piercing of the quickened humor, and even that was repaid by the soothing tones it gained me from her voice.

When that hand was removed, as necessity required, and the patient nurse must leave my side, O, how I did labor to repress the cry of agony, and how vainly! I deemed it wrong to cry; my little heart, susceptible as down to the zephyr, reproached me as cruel, but in vain were my efforts to smother the scream! The charm was gone, and all the powers of evil seemed to be holding carnival in my brain, and impetuous were all their horrid sports.

When necessity permitted, again the hand was laid upon my brow, and I was like the maniac when the young Quakeress appeared,— "Hush! the air is full of music!" Whatever doubts I may have of the power of some hands that are put forth to magnetize, I *know* the power of one hand. And when I would speak of the love of Heaven that sanctifies and redeems, that stills all the evil passions of the soul, and brings peace

to the tempest-tost sinner on the sea of remorse, I exhaust language when I say that it comes like the soft hand of a mother on the throbbing brow fevered by pain.

And why has that hand this magic? Its mechanism is not different from my own, though its weight is lighter. And there are other hands which might be laid there, perhaps, more graceful and beautiful to others, but yet against those fingers the beating pulses of bounding blood would strike, as a frightened bird beats his head against the bars of his cage. That hand, laid on the brow of pain, touched the spirit, and woke it to heroic effort. It was encouraged by the pressure to become a giant, a stoic, any thing strong and valiant. When it was removed, the spirit, labor as it might and did, became tremulous, faltered, the reins on the fiery steeds were loosened, and as mad coursers tortured by the steel, plunging and rearing, the hot blood bounded on.

Wonderful is the touch of love! The slightest pressure thrills through the frame, and even a glance from the eye unmans us, or inspires an undreamed-of heroism. "The days of chivalry" were not the times of love's most potent sway. Deeds of war, mighty achievements of strength, wonderful wrestlings with infuriated revenge,

and the bearding of the human lion in his dread den, are not to be compared with those scenes where "patient smiles are worn through suffering's hours," alone, nay, at home with God. When the last agony shall come, if the dying hour *must* know of agony, if the hand of love cannot be stretched forth upon my brow, the pain shall be stilled by the memory of the hand-charm!

THE CHILD-GUARDIAN.

How distinct is that picture, nay, that series of pictures! The revolting and the attractive, the rude and the tender, the morose and the kind! The scene to which I am now carried is one of the rudest in the city of Boston. It was then a town, but the scene has not in the least been *citified*. Our ideas of a city — that it is the centre of refinement — become wonderfully changed by such repulsive features as now attract my gaze, where the very atmosphere is pollution, and sin-scarred humanity gather in groups, and flit to and fro from morning to night, and through all the watches of darkness.

In those purlieus of vice, a wretched family dwelt, impoverished and in sickness. They seemed to have been forgotten, till some providence led a charitable person to the discovery of

their situation, by which means the intelligence was brought to our home. Night after night, when wearying labors were ended, did my mother go forth, leading me by her hand, to bear necessaries to the perishing sick ones. Safely through the rude throngs did we pass, where woman, guarded by man, would dislike to venture, even when it might afford a speedier passage home. The presence of the child acted as a charm, and curbed the spontaneous passions of barbarous spirits, even as the sword of the infuriated soldier was stayed in the air when the fragile child looked up on the battle-field, from the dead body of his father, and cried, "Don't strike me — *I'm so little!*"

How vivid are the scenes of those nights! As I moved on, I felt like the little creature who, when she had heard the terrors of "the last judgment" graphically portrayed, looked up to her mother, and said, "Mother, let me keep hold of your hand, *then*, wont you?" And how continually to teach us the power of gentleness and innocence, does Jesus place in the midst of angry and ambitious spirits a little child! To behold the influence exerted by such an act, cannot but encourage those who have faith in the omnipotence of gentleness, who believe that the soul thus won is won forever. To keep alive

the filial spirit, to cultivate towards God the relations which we hold towards humanity in our childhood, is to possess a religion that shall go with us everywhere, and always as a child-guardian.

THE DOUBT.

We talk much of first sins, the first step in actual transgression, but we are apt to overlook an evil of equal importance. I allude to the first shaking of childhood's unquestioning faith as a religious being.

Our first lesson is the "Lord's Prayer." Beautiful commencement! unfolding as thought grows and affection matures, spreading out a field for the tiny feet of the infant to roam in, and for the lordly intellect to explore. Heaven is no far-off sphere to the child of unquestioning faith, but a near home whose door death unlocks. When the soul pauses for the first time to ask concerning the realities of spiritual life, "Is it so?" while he seems to read a doubt in the face into which he gazes, there is peril at hand. A precious gem is in danger of being marred in the hand that should set it in gold, and cautious should be every touch that is applied.

I was once performing a little service to aid my mother, and while we wrought we conversed.

Some remark was made by her, which affrighted me. I can see myself as then, at seven years old; I was bent, one knee on the floor, and just rising on the other foot, when I turned my head, with my face upward, and paused, as I asked, "Why, mother! do you *doubt?*" The earnest tone with which I spake told the intensity of my feelings — feelings that a moment before were as peaceful as budding flowers, but now rushing cold and heavy as an avalanche! Such is the power of a word. Soon I was corrected, for I had not heard aright, and another lesson was given me in the truth.

I have often looked back to that moment of vacillation, and contrasted what would have been the life of thought and feeling had my first impression been confirmed. The course of the river which I see in vision, would have a dark line, repulsive to view, as when from some gorge in the mountains a current rushes, bearing with it to the stream below masses that darken the beauty of the waves. To my childhood, bless God! came none of those terrible dreams that bewilder so many young heads, and make night hideous. I have had superstitious feelings; the forest has been peopled with dark forms, and the streams with bewitching and entrancing naiads. As I have journeyed in the dark, I have whistled

as I went, not as Bloomfield's farmer-boy did, "for want of thought," but because of too much thought, or thought of the wrong caste. But all this error I learned from fables, fairy-books, and nursery tales. The religion I was taught was as free from it as heaven is pure from sin. Therefore, it did not take hold on the deepest, acutest, and most permanent feelings, and easier and speedier than the king of old, "Richard" was "himself again." If the force of old impressions makes itself now known, and the strange poetry of superstition makes me feel that I am not free from susceptibility to its spell, yet one moment of thought brings maternal religion to banish it all, as it banished the doubt.

PROFANITY-CURE.

Moralists have affirmed that our nature is evil, because we more easily learn evil than good. But this overlooks a grand distinction, that the learning of evil brings sorrow, but good, joy. The false notes, which are easier struck than the correct ones, give no pleasure in comparison with the others; and by them, the soul which is capable of indefinite progress in music, is never satisfied. The nature of a man or angel is to be judged by what satisfies that nature; and inasmuch as evil is transient, and a teacher of what

is good by contrast, it is no marvel that we learn evil more readily than good. But that we do so *learn*, as a whole, I much doubt, for even when evil becomes a habit, it is difficult to pursue it, in comparison with continuing a good habit. Our nature continually condemns the one, but approves the other.

A habit which I once easily learned, in early youth, from associating with careless and irreligious speakers, was profanity. At times, I was made aware of it, and though of strong passions by nature, and of an impulsive temperament, I severely condemned the use of the fiery words.

Once I was at home, and in a fit of impatience, I expressed myself profanely. No one was in the room but my mother, and whether she heard the phrase or not, I cannot tell. But with quick speed I went out, and held a court in the chamber of the soul. Conscience was judge, and "meanwhile the thoughts excused or accused one another." I was condemned — condemned by the thought that I had uttered profanity in the presence of my mother. "Is it come to this?" I distinctly remember, were the involuntary words which came from my lips as I left home. I resolved immediately to correct the evil, and checked my impulsiveness by "*Hem!*" and expended the breath in uttering "*Shakspeare.*"

I hope the shade of that great genius has never been disturbed by the use thus made of that name. Shakspeare has been put to many uses worse than that, leaving room, often, for an application of his own words,—"To what base uses we may return, Horatio!" He has aided infinitely more the spread, than the prevention of profanity.

It darkens the past, to think that I once caught the infection, and I would pray that others might be led to reverent thought of God through profound respect for human love, and find in the presence, personal or spiritual, of a mother, a profanity-cure.

THE HYMN.

How strangely that which we cannot make out any thing but a very slight incident, will sometimes affect us! We pass along the street, and as we pursue our way, we catch the glance of an eye, or notice the peculiar expression of a lip, and the memory clings to us with wonderful tenacity. We recall it in places the most unlikely, and under circumstances the most forbidding. It may even disturb our devotions, and rise before us in sudden awakening from sleep at night. Think and ponder as we may, "the moving why" cannot be fathomed.

Now like this was the reading of a single verse of a hymn, once, by me. I had read it a hundred times before, and always liked it much, but it did not stand forth in any distinct or attractive prominence in my memory. One balmy and exhilarating morning, I had walked out from the city to the home-church in M——. I arrived early, and so had my parents. I entered the pew where my mother sat, and began to muse for employment. As I sat thus, she handed me the hymn-book, at the same time pointing to the first verse of a hymn,—

> "Absurd and vain attempt to bind
> With iron chains the free-born mind;
> To force conviction, or reclaim
> The wandering, by destructive flame!"

Was it the look, the smile which approved the sentiment, or what was it, that imprinted those words so vividly on my mind? They have loomed up to my gaze a thousand times, in gay and sad moments, at home and abroad, in company and in solitude. They have checked a course of severe remark when I have been penning a sermon, and made me act on Matthew Henry's truthful words,—"The way to make men better, is to make the most of them." According to the elements with which you surround a man, will be the action on his temper;

and if you would have a noble character, you must use noble means to form it.

That verse has, also, loomed up as a beacon-light by whose rays the eye is permitted to wander far and wide over melancholy ruins. And what sad ruins have been produced by attempts to chain with iron bands the free-born mind, and to turn souls from their purpose by destructive flames! O what is more beautiful than a free mind! Who would wish to check the eagle in his mountain flight, as he boldly soars towards the sun! Who would lessen the broad sweep of his majestic wings, or pale the fire of his piercing eye! Who would wish to see him beating his brawny pinions against the bars of a prison-cage, and striving to tear in atoms the bonds that bind him, or rend his talons in twain! No; let him have the free, illimitable field of air; let him perch on the highest Alp, and make his eyrie where the boldest hunter would grow pale with fear.

But beauty and majesty are not always reverenced. "Let virtue come in her own royalty, and men could not but pay her homage," said the preacher. "She has come," said another, "and men took her to the crucifixion with bleeding brow!" Humanity needs another visit from the angelic choir, that they may no longer

choose Barabbas instead of Jesus, but become gentle and rational by the heavenly hymn.

THE PRAYER-BOOK.

What a Prayer-Book is a mother's heart! Angels might be willing to read from thence! They would there find the rarest eloquence, the deepest pathos, the purest devotion, and the highest sublimity of thought. A prayer read out of that book, mounts to heaven swifter than the electric flash rifts the cloud, and borne along through the courts of Eternal Love, it makes as sweet music as ever winged its way from the harp of a seraph.

The angels of the Presence bend lowest when a mother prays, for every word is prayer. But it was not of a heart-book that I thought when I wrote the title to this sketch, but a venerable volume once owned by a grandparent. Venerable! did I say? Yes, that was right. It is a relic of the past, that speaks of life's holiest hours; and its well-worn leaves tell of the times in which the soul resorted to this volume for direction, support, encouragement, and comfort.

They were all good prayers, written for the parish in which they were circulated, and were published as free offerings by a wealthy lady. In a beautiful sense, the angel's words to Cornelius could be applied to her,—"Thy prayers,

and thine alms, have come up for a memorial before God." Piety and charity finely blended, as a golden and silver cord, to bind the heart to heaven — a keepsake round the neck of Eternity!

This book was given me just after I had preached my first sermon. I studied its spirit and style, and committed two of its prayers to memory for use on the next Sabbath. The Sabbath came, and when I rose to pray, not a word that I had learned could I command. Again, in the afternoon, it was the same with me; but I did not want for words, nor thoughts, nor feelings, nor aspirations! I was alone with God in the Holy of holies, bearing the people on my heart, and I *did* pray for them. Had the golden bells of Aaron been on my robes, the tremulous music would have told truly that I lived before the Divine Presence.

Since then I have had no book-prayer. Few can pray another's words. The "Lord's prayer" is not properly another's words — it is the word of the universal heart — and yet Christ designed that after that *manner*, more than after the *letter*, his disciples should pray. Beginning with a blending of the filial and social spirit, and ending with universal homage to God.

This is the spirit of the ancient Prayer-Book from my mother's hand. How many other hands have held it! held it to pray, and clasped

it as they sat in meditation on the holy thoughts awakened in the soul! Where it was mostly used, the eye looked out on the ocean, and caught a clear vision of a light-house in the distance, revealing "the rock-bound coast" — the terribly brawny arm that bent round to protect those that gently drew near, and repel with ruinous force those who dashed onward with rash speed. Life is an ocean spread out before us; Christianity is the high towering, yet low shining beacon-light; and Prayer is the spirit that presides amid calm and tempest, so that the bark of existence floats on or speeds her way in safety to the protecting outstretched arm of the Eternal Coast,

> "And the sounding aisles of the new world ring,
> With the anthem of the free."

The day has closed. Shall I see another birthday? Yes! it may not be on the earth, but it will be where life is not measured by years, where the golden chain of affection shall not exhibit gem after gem taken out, but where, glittering among untarnishable jewelry, it shall shine in perfection. I would not presumptuously anticipate, but there does sometimes leap up in my soul an almost overwhelming desire to know what shall then be my Birthday Thoughts!

Providence, R. I., June 12, 1844.

SONG.

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

Forgive me! I have done thee wrong!
Speak pardon, ere thou hence depart;
For, O, repentance, deep and strong,
Is wildly swelling at my heart!
'T was but a hasty word I spoke —
O, might my tears the fault repay —
A moment's jealous pang, that woke
And gave the sudden passion way!

Speak to me! how can I endure
That thou shouldst deem I meant to wound.
Ah! had I loved thee less, be sure
That word had ne'er an utterance found!
Look in mine eyes — they lose their light,
When thine are turned away from me,
And shine — like yon fair orb of night —
But when they 're shone upon by thee!

Turn not away in cold disdain,
And leave my sorrowing heart to break,
But, to thy pitying breast, again,
The poor repentant fondly take!

Bless thee! — ah, closer, closer still! —
It makes my foolish heart a heaven —
Who would not oft offend, to feel
The bliss of being so forgiven!

PLEASANT MEMORIES!

BY MISS H. J. WOODMAN.

I HAVE not quite forgotten the pleasant river's side,
The waters in their quiet flow, with every color dyed,
The setting sun, that such a flood of golden glory threw
Around the tall and graceful trees which on the margin grew!

Dost thou remember how we sat beneath the spreading oak,
When eye to eye and heart to heart in sweet communion spoke?
How tenderly the thoughts came back of other, brighter years,
Till deep within the burden lay of many unshed tears?

Hast thou forgotten how we stood in the still midnight hour,
When the pale moonlight softly fell on tree, and shrub, and flower?
The sound of laughter in the hall, with many feet, had fled,
And when each jarring sound was hushed, we whispered of the dead!

But quickly that low whispering grew silent as we stood,
For out upon the evening air, from the dim, shadowy wood,
There stole a wild and solemn strain, such as the listening ear,
If tuned to sweet and holy things, with thrilling joy will hear!

We stood — for other sound was not, and all the air was still —
And drank from the rich melody that swept o'er mead and hill!
Those stirring notes, that moonlit hour, are like a heavenly dream,
Whose soothing halo lingers yet upon life's troubled stream.

GLIMPSES OF A BETTER LIFE.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

I KNOW that the speculations of those who dream of a better framework of Society are distasteful to the greater number of readers, but shall we, therefore, hold our peace? Shall we follow the advice of our adversaries, and choose only those opportunities to speak when they who condemn unheard will surely not be among the number of our auditors? Shall we politely smother the light under a bushel, lest its piercing rays inflame the eyes of a long benighted and wilfully slumbering World? So Policy dictates, and the World imperatively commands. The dull, voluptuous World! it demands flattery for its amazing Charities, not rebuke for its indifference to the wants and the woes of the Poor! Beauty in her boudoir would be complimented on her generous bestowment of pence on some famishing invalid, and not confronted with the stern, reproachful ghosts of the hours due to Humanity

she has wasted in Sloth or Selfishness; of the coin lavished on dress or decoration, which might have raised a sister from despair to love of life. Wealth rocks indolently in its easy-chair, contemplating its ample hoards, and broad fertile domains, and laboriously digesting its dainty viands, and petulantly asks if it is *never* to have a moment's peace from the importunity of want, and the cant of deputy beggars. And even Religion oft discards the example of the Divine Teacher who hesitated not to say, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!" and no longer ventures to test the sincerity of her neophytes by the sharp criterion, "Sell *all* thou hast, and give to the poor; then come, and follow me." Wisely and truly does she warn the Poor against envy, hatred, and agrarian convulsion — rightly and forcibly does she teach them that no change in society can be beneficent unless based on Justice, Concord, and Love — that from strife and malevolence can come nothing but aggravated squalor and misery — that Content and Competence may be found quite as readily, and far more effectually, by most of us, by limiting and regulating our wants, as by increasing our possessions — that a heart at peace with the Father and with its allotment is more to be prized than all the wealth of Peru —

but does her duty stop here? How speaks she to the successful devotee of gold who is constantly adding to his broad domains estate after estate, as though he would monopolize the Earth's wide surface and leave his brethren of the Race no dry spot whereon to stand but by his gracious permission? — who would deem it an exorbitant exaction if he were asked to contribute a tithe of his annual gains to improving the condition of his unfortunate fellow-men? — How seldom do her oblique and vague denunciations of avarice and worldliness disturb the enjoyment of their well-placed, richly-furnished pews, though directly under the eye and voice of the preacher?

Well, thus be it, so long as it must. Let the champions of Society as it is eulogize its structure and its blessings, only let us few Dissenters realize and proclaim the approach of a better. Ay, even on earth it is ordained that a better condition shall be realized for Man, — the toiling, striving, suffering, famishing! Not until the dark valley is passed shall our Race be doomed ever to wait ere they see the kingdom of God! The radiant vision of the Prophet, the living dream of the Poet, do not transcend the reality which the Father has decreed for his earthly children. It needs but that the principles of Divine Order

shadowed forth (perchance dimly to gross apprehensions) in the life and words of Jesus be embodied in the daily acts and efforts of His professed disciples, and Earth shall once more be enrobed in the vesture of Eden. The old Record of the proffer that even five righteous persons should suffice to save a guilty and doomed city, is written for our admonition and profit. It needs only that goodness *be* goodness, openly and veritably, to commend it to all consciences and all hearts. Were there but one community of which the love of God, as evinced in entire devotion to the welfare of Mankind were the ruling impulse, the whole world would speedily be illumined by its light, and transformed by its example. But the life, even of the noblest, is devoted to partial ends; its aims are narrow and partisan; its efforts discordant and fragmentary. The manifestations of whatever philanthropy there is in our wide world jostle each other; religion regards with doubt, if not with aversion, the efforts for Human advancement which are not made through the Church, and the Church is in turn disturbed, or deemed inadequate, by the philanthropist. Thus suspicion, division, discord, convulse and darken the world.

Yes, Division, Alienation, Isolation, are the bane of our Race. We have lost the knowledge

that the blessing of each is bound up in the blessing of all. Fallen Cain blindly imagines that he slays but his brother, his rival, his triumphant competitor; he feels not that he is slaying himself — that henceforth a sky of fire shall be above him, and an earth of blood beneath — that all Nature's voices shall speak to him the wrath of God, and that his curse shall be to live. When shall the At-One-ment through Christ become a living reality to the common heart, and the scales of Selfishness and Discord fall from our eyes as of old did those of Saul of Tarsus?

A social condition founded on, and penetrated by the vital truths of Christianity — this is the Problem of our Age — a Society which shall be the embodiment and palpable expression of the great Law of Love, in which servant and master shall be obsolete distinctions, Labor no more a drudgery nor a degradation, and Usefulness, whether exalted or lowly, the sure and only path to Honor. It shall yet be achieved, through struggles, through errors, through failures, if the imperfections of those who dimly and unworthily apprehend, and strive to give expression to the great truth, shall render these inevitable. The wintry sullenness, the frozen apathy of the mass may delay the dawn, but the bright Day shall come at last. Christ never intended that of His

disciples a few should enjoy every costly luxury which Imagination could suggest, while millions famished and shivered, wanting the veriest necessaries of life. How should he recognise as a follower him who walls up thousands of fertile acres as a hunting-ground, and leaves hungry thousands all around to pine in hunger for the food which that fair domain would abundantly render, and which they have now no place to produce, no opportunity to procure? To my mind, the most formal and hard-natured Pharisee of olden time, the most sensual, soul-denying Sadducee of our own day, would be recognised as a disciple by the "good Master" far sooner than this pillar of "Church and State," who complacently deems Christ under obligations to him for his efforts and contributions to spread what he calls the Gospel.

Man has fallen and is divided; he must be raised and reunited. Darkened in understanding, and made gross by sensuality, he needs to be taught his first duty to his brother. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself!"—how read you this, upholder of War, and Slavery, and of that Social Order which leaves millions to grow up in Ignorance, Want, and Temptation; which provides prisons for the guilty, and poor-houses for the helplessly starving, but makes no pro-

vision that the still innocent and nobly striving shall have Opportunity to earn needful Bread? His children look up to him with hollow, anxious eyes; he rushes into the street determined to find employment, however repugnant, and however meagre its reward, but in vain! He returns at night only more weary and more wretched, to a home more desolate and despairing than ever. Vain is the strength in his sinews, while strength remains there; he is one of the landless millions, and has no resource but the *chance* that some one will appreciate and require his services, and when that fails — what then? The prison of the pauper may be opened to his entreaties, and it may be shut sternly in his face; the fact that he has energies and health remaining is often regarded as evidence, *prima facie*, that he needs no alms; as if muscles must command food, with or without opportunity to use and profit by them. The prison of the felon is his only certain resource.

Tell me not that this is Christian Society, in which the widow sits toiling from dawn till midnight, consuming her slender remnant of health and vision, to earn of her sister in the church the smallest modicum of food and shelter with which her tender babes can exist, and shivering with dread that, — by the delay of payment, or

the failure to obtain farther work, — food and shelter may fail to outlast the week. Tell me not that these Cities, in which thousands are annually driven, by keenest want, to shame and destruction, do truly worship that Maker with whose costly temples they are so thickly studded — the benighted savages who abandon the decrepit and incurable to famine and the wolf in the lonely wilderness, are better Christians than these. They at least have the plea of a seeming Necessity to palliate their conduct; we create the necessity we witness, by placing Virtue on a rugged, flinty eminence, and presenting a flowery declivity to Crime. Not till at least the Christian who possesses wealth shall hold it as the trustee of the Creator for the benefit of his children — till it be recognised as a practical axiom that "the Earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof," — given not to aggrandize the few, but to bless and strengthen all — never till it be established as a maxim of Political Economy that Pauperism is, in most cases, far easier prevented than supported, and that those who possess nothing have a Right to labor and to live, a Right to education and healthful developement, which those who possess all are bound to recognise and give effect to — not till it is felt and admitted that Society commits a great crime

when one of its members is left to famish, or falls into sin, through defect of education or of Social providence in any way — may we hope to withstand triumphantly the host of moral and physical evils which now overwhelm the Race.

In view of these evils and their causes, how shall we have patience with the cavil that it is not reform of Social Arrangements that is needed, but of the individual heart? Ay, truly does the individual need reform to induce him to enter heartily and effectively upon the great work for which that is a preparation. "This ought ye to have done, and not have left the other undone." But when he *is* regenerated, what then? Shall he go on adding estate after estate to his possessions? Shall his daily life, his business, his dealings with those around him, remain unaffected? Shall servants swarm around him, living for his convenience, and ministering to his luxury or his pride? Shall the poor dread ejectment from his tenements when misfortune or miscalculation shall have rendered them unable to meet his legal demands? Shall his garrets and cellars be tenanted by those whose every hour must be held subordinate to his wishes, and of whose education, moral culture, and happiness, he takes no more account than of those of the beasts in his stable? Away with this Pharisaic

pretence! Christianity demands a life renewed in all its aims and relations, in which there are no more servitors of pomp and sloth, to be treated superciliously and paid grudgingly, but a true and essential Brotherhood, linking the noblest and most fortunate with the most dependent and benighted of mankind.

To constitute a Society which shall conform, both in its outward structure and its inward life, to this Divine ideal, is the great duty of our time — a duty which will yet be consummated. Despite the sway of selfishness, seemingly so universal, nobler and truer thoughts are everywhere breaking in on the human mind. The Statesman in debate, the Poet in his visions, the Novelist in his exposures of the workings of guilt, and the daily tragedy of life, begin to lay bare the roots of Social Evil, often unwarily or with imperfect apprehension, but yet so that the world begins to startle in its lethargy and dream uneasily of a better day. That day shall surely come — nay, it is not now afar. The Chivalry of Industry is already replacing that of War. It is not Napoleon nor Wellington, but some Fulton or Arkwright, who shall stand forth in the future as the Hero of the Nineteenth Century. The frightful excess of social anarchy, misery, and destitution, in the midst of the most abundant

wealth and prodigality the world has ever known, is driving millions to inquiry and study with regard to their causes and their cure. Knowledge and light with regard to the whole subject are borne on the wings of the wind to every nation, to every neighborhood, and even the most stolid or wilfully adverse cannot long refuse to listen and to learn. And yet farther: Practical attempts are in progress to test and exhibit the possibility, the feasibility, of a life of the Brotherhood — a life harmoniously adjusted to blend and secure the rights and the happiness of each in those of all — a life devoted to noble and exalted purposes — a life ultimately freed from selfish anxiety, from want and from abounding temptation — a life of which the atmosphere shall be Innocence, and the labor, Worship. Little enough of these vast aims will be realized immediately — they may be pursued for years under adverse circumstances, discouragements, and difficulties — but is it not something to have conceived and adopted them? Let us not doubt that the ultimate realization shall transcend the initial hope, and that through their triumph a way shall be opened for the social emancipation of our Race.

THE DELL, NEAR THE LANDING.

BY JOHN PRINCE.

In the township where I reside, within a mile of the little cluster of houses which constitutes the principal village, there is a singularly retired and romantic spot — a plat of nearly level ground, lying in a picturesque valley, enclosed by trees and shrubbery, forming a segment on either side, and converging at the farther extremity in a circuitous ravine — affording a welcome and genial retreat to those who cherish a predilection for wild, natural scenery. Bordering it upon one side, and coursing past its leafy entrance, a winding rivulet, with tall trees, uncultivated vines, and flowers upon its margin, pursues its way to "The Landing," so called; a loamy and declivous shoal, which lies at a short distance, at the termination of the tide-water in Chebacco river, or creek, as it is, perhaps, more frequently styled. Arrow-heads, and other supposed Indian relics, have been ploughed up in the immediate vicinity.

THIS wild, sequestered spot I love;
And oft, in sunny hours, I rove
Far from my dwelling, through green fields,
To woo the influence nature yields
In this delightful, calm retreat,
Where lulling sounds and carols sweet
Soothe all life's turbulence, and fill
My soul with strange, enchanting thrill.

A brook, meandrous in its course,
Glides onward with augmenting force,
Eager its ocean-goal to seek
Through ever-widening, marshy creek.
The fringing trees and bushes throw
Their shadows in the wave below;
And down beneath the surface clear,
Pebbles and fibrous roots appear.

The waves, rejoicing as they run,
Now sparkle 'neath the glancing sun,
Which peeps through rifted foliage green,
To tinge with beauty all the scene;
Or o'er some shelving, tufty crag,
In slowly whirling dimples drag;
Or smoothly through their channel go,
In calm, but dark, majestic flow.

A bridge — a single, moss-grown plank,
Extending to each grassy bank —
Has borne above this shallow stream
The young, the fair, on whom the gleam
Of life's resplendent morning lay,
To fade in early gloom away —
Old men and matrons, children gay,
Now wrapped in darkness and decay.

Here, too, in time long since gone by,
Echoed the shrill and tristful cry
Of forest-bird, with fluttering wing,
Pierced by the arrow from the string

Of Indian's tough and twanging bow.
And yonder, centuries ago,
The savage in his skiff would glide,
With fleeting motion, down the tide;
And, in the birchen-shallop rude,
Returning, dress his simple food.

And here I come and fondly muse,
When earth her garniture renews;
When summer, o'er terrestrial things
Her robe of golden splendor flings;
Or autumn staid his drapery weaves
Of yellow, green, and scarlet leaves.

From hours of serious, earnest thought,
This quiet, sylvan dell I've sought.
And while, in meditative mood,
Upon this sloping bank I've stood,
Or crossed the rill, and sauntered o'er
Yon seeming velvet-covered floor,
Mid hum of myriad insect throng,
The brook has, noiseless, swept along,
Or, from obstruction leaping free,
Dashed on in heedless, chuckling glee;
And feathered warblers of the air
From this sweet spot have banished care.

Sweet glen! till now, in verse unsung,—
And *now*, by unaccustomed tongue,—
Though bard hath thrown his witching spell
O'er many a less romantic dell,

Perhaps, against my simple lay,
Some skilful critic will inveigh;
Yet not one radiant charm of thine
Shall with diminished lustre shine,
Nor shall I find attraction less,
Within thy shady, calm recess.

Essex, Mass.

SONG.

My heart is an Eolian lyre
That thrills to every passing breath;
Now touched as with seraphic fire,
Now wailing like the voice of death.

Old memories come, like vernal airs,
And wake long silent songs of love;
And buried hopes, and early prayers,
Like vesper music o'er it move.

And like the softest southern gale,
Thy love, mine own, sweeps o'er its strings,
And sweeter than a minstrel's tale,
From every chord new music springs.

Deep, sometimes, as an organ's tone,
An anthem bursts at every touch;
O, leave it then with God alone!
For God alone can waken such.

My heart is an Eolian lyre,
That wakes and sings at every breath,
Now touched as with seraphic fire,
Now wailing like the voice of death.

S. C. E.

REVELATIONS.

BY MISS L. M. BARKER.

THERE is silence where "the thunders uttered their voices." The prophets proclaim, no more, in the assemblies of the people, — "Thus saith the Lord;" — and angels come not now *visibly*, with tidings of a new-born, or a risen Redeemer; or with messages from him, to the faithful on earth. The glory that lights the pilgrim heart of man to the old and holy places where once the voice of inspiration hushed all discordant tones, and called nature herself to sit down and listen in silent adoration, is a glory of the past. The mountain summits of Arabia, and the desert rocks of ancient Edom; Palestina's hills and valleys, and the island of the sea, where visions of the holy city, and its white-robed inhabitants, came to the soul of the beloved St. John, are but the sepulchres of events that consecrate no more the common earth.

And are there now no revelations? True,

indeed, it is, that we need them not, as those to whom they were given; for the words of eternal import spoken to them, have been recorded for us; and there is in them a life and a power, over which time has no control. "Thy faith hath saved thee, go and sin no more," is as full of grace and blessing here, to-day, as it was when the prayers of the sick and the sinful arrested the Saviour's footsteps in his own native Judea. "The ransomed of the Lord shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away," will be as precious to the last sorrower upon earth, the last hoper in a blissful immortality, as it was to those who sorrowed and hoped before.

But are there now no revelations? Now,— when the mind can make for its starting-point in philosophy the goal where wise and venerable men, satisfied with their triumphs, have lain down to die; and place at once as the foundation of the *moral* structure it would rear, principles that were sought for through long ages; *now*,— when this life, which was once considered by all but the scene of a fearful struggle for the joys of eternity, has become, in the apprehension of many, a sojourn in one of the dwelling-places of the universe of God, where the work which he gives us to do, is to make us like Him; and the

light by which we labor is the smile of His inexhaustible love.

Far onward still, lies the progress of knowledge, and virtue, and the science of life; *and can there be no new revelations?* Not, perhaps, with the character of those that are past; not introduced with "thunderings, and lightnings, and the noise of a trumpet exceeding loud;" not uttered by angel-voices on the still air, nor taught with the authority of the Master, and his immediate followers; yet revelations still,—revelations from God through the medium of the human mind, making more and more manifest the beauty of his works, and the efficiency of his laws.

A perpetual priesthood has been appointed unto science. What need of names? Are they not known, those who, from age to age, find admittance into the secret councils of nature and art, and come forth and reveal to the people mysteries unknown before? Know we not those among us now, prophets and prophetesses, to whom the voice of truth "speaketh in visions," as to those of old, and who, unmindful of the want of present sympathy and favor, hail the spirits of the coming future, and live with them, as with friends? And the angel saith, "Seal not the sayings of the prophecy," for the time is

coming, when by such as heed not now, they will be received as the true revelations of mind to mind.

There are yet other revelations. They may be rarer in the experience of a single life, but they are richer in the power to bless. The stray gale that finds its way through the sheltered valley, performs a more acceptable service than if it lingered still upon the breezy shore. And if one true sentiment shall make itself felt in an humble and needy heart, it leaveth there a richer gift than it would bring to the full soul of the Poet.

In the great city there are innumerable sounds, and they mingle, and die away, and swell again on the dulled ear; but sometimes a single tone among them all, finds a quick passage to the heart; and to its echoes there, the life-beat keepeth true time. So, to the feeble in apprehension, to the gifted, to all alike, there are innumerable lessons. They are uttered by Nature from the mountain-top, and in lone and secret places; they are written "upon the heavens above, and on the earth beneath;" we hear them from the lips of the wise, and read them upon the eloquent page; and as we listen and read, we learn, but we do not always heed. We admit, yet do not believe.

But sometimes, there cometh a truth that will search its way to the tablets of the soul, and trace itself there, as by electric force; and behold, "old things are passed away, and all things are become new;" for there is not a passion, or a principle, or a feeling, but shall be modified or affected, by the vivid impression of a truth that was never felt before.

A spirit, once a dweller in humanity, sung to us before it passed away, of

> "That blessed mood,
> In which the heavy and the weary weight
> Of all this unintelligible world,
> Is lightened: — that serene, and blessed mood,
> In which the affections gently lead us on,
> Until the breath of our corporeal frame,
> And even the motion of our human blood,
> Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
> In body, and become a living soul.
> While with an eye made quiet by the power
> Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
> *We see into the life of things.*"

"A serene and blessed mood," indeed, but one that belongs most frequently to contemplative and gentle minds, and not to such alone, come these manifestations. We have been told of a proud and sinful man, who worshipped the outward beauty of this material world, and gathered around him magnificent and lovely things, in almost interminable profusion. Every day he

walked in palace apartments, and through fragrant gardens, and feasted with fondest eye upon his treasures, yet with a heart bloated and base with human pride. For though he gloried in knowing how good and how beautiful those treasures were, he knew not the Giver, nor ever felt, "how great is His goodness, how great His beauty." Still, even to foreign lands he sought for more. One weary day, in this pursuit, he crossed a rock that lay bleached and sparkling in the sunlight, and verdureless as the sands of Sahara. Suddenly his footsteps are stayed. In the scanty mould of a small crevice beneath his eye, a little flower of most exquisite form and hue had rooted itself, and looked up lovingly to the summer sky. Wherefore that riveted gaze? Were there not hundreds as beautiful in his own rich parterres at home? O! but to be there, — there, so lonely, with no human hand to nurse it, no human eye to watch its growth, yet living on the sweet dews of Heaven, and rejoicing in its smile! The frame of the strong man bowed as a tree to the tempest, for with the whirlwind's rush there came to his soul his first convictions of Eternal power, and Eternal beneficence. He prostrated himself upon the rock. Tears gushed to his eyes, words of prayer rose to his lips; and

he went thence a happy worshipper of "our Father in Heaven."

Another has told us of a princess in whose nature there slumbered the soul of an artist. Brought up amid the mind-debasing splendors of a court, her life had no object, her ambition no aim beyond the gratification of luxurious desire. Such an impulse drew her from the wild North beneath the softer skies of Italy; and in beautiful Florence, with a gay and courtly party, she visited one of those famous galleries of Art, where mightier than kings receive homage from truer subjects. It was a new scene, and faint gleams as of the early dawn broke at once upon her unilluminated mind. In a few moments she stood before the canvass of a great master, and gazed upon it, with a strange intensity; and as she gazed, the mists rolled away from the world of thought and feeling within her, and the glory of the picture went down, clear and deep into her soul. "And I, too, am a painter," was the true expression of the knowledge then revealed to her, of her own genius and destiny.

Scarcely a volume but shall tell on some one of its pages a similar tale. But why search we books, for that which hath its record in the memory, or why refer to those we know not, when there are living examples among those we

know? I cannot say how it may be with others, but very frequent, and most beautiful to me, in those with whom I have been best acquainted, have appeared the evidences of these revelations. Otherwise inexplicable passages in life have thus been made plain to me. Thus from time to time has faith in the bright destiny of the race been renewed, nor do I know that I should ever have understood what the poet meant by "the human face divine," had I not seen it in those moments when the soul which illumines it was crying out joyfully unto itself, — *Eureka! Eureka!*

There was one whose life, familiar to me almost as my own, had such an equal blending of light and shadow, as left neither to predominate, giving no particular coloring to a character which might otherwise have been distinctly marked. And with a heart formed for happiness, yet musing much if such a thing there were, she went forward to some distance in life, a mere dreamer. Not discontented with existence, not hopeless, nor faithless, but unsatisfied.

It was the hour of summer sunset, and a richer or a lovelier one never faded out upon the green earth. On the brow of a hill, still bright with reflection from the magnificent clouds that lay between it and the set sun, grouped a party who

had climbed up from the village in the valley. The echoes of the dark wood behind them had sent back their shouts of merriment, but now were they still, for the beauty of the prospect, and the sweet influence of the hour had exalted their mirth into quiet happiness, and they gathered together, and looked upon the scene, and spoke but few words, and they were the utterance of feeling hearts.

The dreamer Juliet was among them, and never had she been happier than then. Yet even then, as many times before, she asked herself, "Is this all? Can I know no more of truth and bliss until I pass away from this beautiful, but O, most unsatisfying world?"

At length they wended homeward, separating into smaller companies at every parting in their rural walk. That to which Juliet belonged, found themselves approaching the highway leading to the village. Their path was bordered on the right by a grove of young trees, over which birds were fluttering and dropping down among the leaves, occasionally trilling out another song to the dying day; and from a dwelling at a little distance, a concert of flutes sent out its rich soft music on the twilight air. Again, from the deep contentment of Juliet's heart, there struggled up the inquiry, "Is this all?" and, with the impulse

of invocation, she lifted her eyes from their thoughtful, downward drooping.

The full moon had just emerged from the southern point of the hill from which they had descended. Suddenly a strong breeze passed over the woods, and the tall trees bowed gracefully, and went up again to the sky; and at the same instant, as if in mimicry, a flitting zephyr rustled through the grove, its undefinable accompanying music, rising, whispering along, and dying away with a cadence that even "the sweet south upon a bank of violets," could not exceed. And *then*, in that blending of melody and beauty, in that moment of quiet joy and fervent hope, there swept across the strings of her inmost being a touch to which it had never thrilled before, calling up a bliss so real, so perfect, so intense, that it left no wish unsatisfied, no thought unblessed, yet so unwonted, so refined, that when recalled to a consciousness of the scene around her, and the strange ecstacy had died away amid the chords where it awoke, it seemed like a return from some other sphere. It was a return, however, that occasioned no pain and no regret; for earth was as much more beautiful as her own spirit was purer and happier.

"A richer bloom the lingering field-flowers bore,
And sweeter was the song the wild bird warbled o'er."

Nor did the memory of that hour, and the power of the truth then revealed to her, fail of their effect upon the course and color of her life. Happiness was no longer a problem. She *knew* that even in this morbid state the soul may be wrapped in ecstacy, and with this "evidence of things not seen," came the triumph of faith. For what if she had been but for once so blessed? That *once* was prophecy. She believed that the consummation would come.

With faith also sprung up the grateful wish to act worthy of the sweet revelation, and the pure, high hopes it imparted. She chose for her pathway through life, one in which she should labor not more for herself than for others. The misfortune was, that it exposed her too much to observation and opinion; and thus commenced that bitter experience of human life which is learned most effectually by those who, with a pure ambition, and ardent sympathies, have set out to run a course of virtue, and have met, in all their roughness, the asperities thrown upon their pathway by absurd, yet tenacious customs, and the cold, false judgments of a misapprehensive world. But who can tell how often, amid such discouragements, the memory of those few blissful moments came to the thoughts of Juliet,

reassuring her faith, and reviving her wearied resolutions.

Still the struggle went on; for though her faith needed but little incitement, her courage was prone to droop away. There was no *present* resting-place, no possible perfection. She asked for something in which her heart might find assurance and peace; something which the winds of vicissitude should not alter, nor the venom of evil tongues destroy. Alas, poor Juliet! she needed another revelation.

It came to her in the still hour of reflection, when the influence of the senses had no control, and there had been but little in circumstance to affect the current of her thoughts. It is true she had been for several days keenly sensitive to wrong, and some kind friends had endeavored to divert her feelings with the charm of social pleasure. One of them had offered her, at parting, a wreath of the emblem-flower of immortality, twined with another, whose language is, "Hope springeth from sorrow." Perhaps these things might have induced that complex mood of mind which made solitude so welcome. A mood in which there mingled with earnest aspirations for cheerfulness and gratitude, a painful sense of the want of any cause sufficient to produce a perpetual exercise of these virtues.

But once alone, her thoughts were free. She rambled with them over the whole domain of memory, traced out the effects of causes in her early experience of life, grieved at the wrong she found, and fell into an earnest reflection as to the best means to preserve the future from self-reproach. The inquiry seemed to fasten itself upon her thoughts, and they grew, at length, painfully intense. It seemed to her that virtue requires more encouragement in this world than is provided for it. She liked not the suggestion, and though unconvinced of its falsity, endeavored to free herself from it by indifference and pride.

"Why not," she asked herself, "discard all thought of encouragement or reward, and yet live what to my own apprehension shall seem a true life?"

It was a fortunate question, for as the light of a star might fall into some dim nook of earth, so fell the light of a true thought upon the shadows of her mind. Strange that it should then have so much power than ever before. It was no new precept. She had been told in childhood that goodness recompenses itself, and that we should practice virtue for its own sweet sake. But now it seemed the very answer to her thoughts. Now was she sure, that *to do right*

is its own "exceeding great reward." She covered her face with her hands, the longer to retain the impression, and thanked Heaven for the strength she had gained. And to her mental sense came the voice that speaks to us, when none else may listen,—"Thou hast bound up the fadeless with the perishable, and mourned over the latter as for the death of both. But is it true that fragrance and bloom have departed, because the flower to which they gave life and beauty has mingled with the dust? And if Truth and Love shall seem at times to have become as strangers, is it less certain that they weary not in their ministry, or that the destiny of their influence is triumph? But more, and worse than this,—thou hast sullied thy purity of purpose by asking for it the reward of approbation. What couldst thou have for virtue more than virtue's self? Not even the lustre of the gold shall ever match the light of the diamond."

Thus ended the voice, but the lesson remains forever. It has made pleasant the path of duty, and, mingling with the revelation of happiness received before, added yet one more charm to the joy of anticipation.

So leave we Juliet, but not to mention others who have also been thus permitted to "see into the life of things;" though many an instance

more striking, and involving more extensive consequence, might be given. It is well to seek out *humble* recipients of good; to believe that flowers may bloom upon the desert, and springs gush forth even in the wilderness. It is well for those who live in the abundance of their own gifts, and scorn the lowly, to know that in many an unnoticed form there may dwell a soul more divinely instructed than their own. It is well for those who spend an insect existence, fluttering only about the most evanescent beauty, and sipping only the most tasteless sweets, to learn that "the life is more than meat, and the body more than raiment." It is well for us all to believe that the "still small voice" once heard by the Prophet amid the rocks of Horeb, and which was mightier than the whirlwind, the earthquake, or the fire, still speaks to the soul, and to take heed, and listen always, so that we sometimes may hear for ourselves the voice of such revelation.

MOURN NOT FOR THE DEAD.

BY MRS. SARAH BROUGHTON.

Mourn not for the dead. They have gained the bright shore,
Where the sorrows of earth can assail them no more;
They are roaming at will through the gardens of rest,
Whose bowers are in richest luxuriance drest;
And they tune their glad lyres to the deep-rolling song,
That echoes the arches of heaven along.

Mourn not for the dead. They have passed the dark vale
That is ever resounding to grief's bitter wail,
How sweetly they sleep in the mansions of peace,
Where the grief-stricken bosom from sighing shall cease!
Whose heart-strings so oft with keen anguish have bled,
Now how softly they slumber! Mourn not for the dead.

But mourn for the mourner, who sorrows alone,
And muses at eve o'er the bright moments gone;

Sweet seasons of joy 'neath the clustering spheres,
That smile in night's blue like a seraph's soft tears,
Ere the loved ones went down in their beauty to sleep,
Where the dark-pinioned angel their slumbers doth keep.

When the footsteps of spring in the valleys appear,
And the flow'rets look up mid the moss brown and sere;
When the murmuring rivulets, freed from their chains,
Ring their silvery cadences o'er the glad plains;
The bereaved one will weep for the days that are fled;
O, "mourn for the mourner, but not for the dead."

When the soft silken leaflets are trembling to hear
The zephyrs light whisper, so silvery and clear;
As the dewdrops of evening are falling around,
He will listen unconscious, to catch the sweet sound
Of those tones that oft cheered him in twilight's loved hour,
Ere the Spoiler had stricken his heart's cherished flower.

When morning her banner of glory unfurls,
And the landscape is glittering with diamonds and pearls,
He will sigh for the days when the loved one stood by,
With her soft shining hair, and her soul-beaming eye;
And his spirit will yearn for the sleeper's cold bed;
O, "mourn for the mourner, but not for the dead."

THE ENTOMBMENT OF CHRIST.

From shame, from agony, from death,
They bore Him to his rest away;
Cold, silent, without pulse or breath,
Wrapped in his shroud, the Master lay.
O, agony! to see that form
Once with celestial feelings warm,
To mortal death a prey!

They laid him in the rich new tomb;
Trees wave their fragrant branches there,
And flowers and vines around it bloom,
And shake their odors through the air.
O, it was some relief to lay
That scorned, yet precious dust away,
Within a spot so fair!

They mourned, in deep and sad distrust,
Judea's hope, so early fled!
They knew not that that lifeless dust
Once more o'er Salem's hills should tread;
They knew not that *three days* would bring,
Life, Life immortal to their King, —
Redemption of the Dead!

THE POETS.

THERE are no names dearer to humanity than the names of the Poets. They fall on our ears like the rich notes dropped from the throat of a bird at sunset. We associate them with all the glories and beauties of the outer world, with all the purity and tenderness of the world within. Dream-led, like the old navigators of the times of Columbus, they have sought out a new hemisphere of Beauty, and colonized it with "beings of the mind." A strange race, human in aspect, yet wearing the drapery of wild Romance, have mingled with the familiar forms they had transported thither from the common world in which they dwelt. Ariel and Puck have become fellow-citizens with Falstaff and Slender. Comus sits down at the side of Eve, and a motley crowd of Manfreds and Mariannes, Scottish lassies and old Cumberland Beggars, jostle each other in the streets of the Poet's El Dorado.

O, they are glorious men, these sons of song! Gods of the Ideal Universe, who, out of fancies

that are "without form and void," create beautiful realms of light, and people them with spirits "but a little lower than the angels." Think how dark the regions of Mind would be, bereft of the worlds that the Poets have made! Midnight without stars would hang over the soul; and Thought, wandering as over a waste of waters, would find no spot to rest.

Gratefully would we speak of the Poets, then, as of great and immortal benefactors. Not only have they created other worlds, but they have glorified the world in which we dwell. God has sent them among us as interpreters of its beauties — as High Priests to lift the veils from its sanctuaries. One shows us the hearts and hidden thoughts of men; another unveils the spirit-world where the good and evil angels struggle for the supremacy of Heaven. One sits by the oracles of the outer world, and interprets the mysterious declarations of Nature, written upon the sky and upon the earth, or breathed by the waters and by the winds; and another paints with inimitable truth the characters and deeds of lowly men — the inmates of alms-houses, and the beggars in the streets.

Many a little stream and nameless valley is enveloped in an atmosphere of glory shed over it from the heart of the Poet. It becomes famous,

even in lands beyond the great seas, and is visited by crowds of pilgrims eager to admire the scene that would awaken such a gush of Beauty in the Poet's soul. It becomes linked with his name, and is as immortal as his verse. Thousands and thousands of such hallowed spots have the Poets made. Nor are their consecrations confined to local scenes. They have glorified the stars, and "added another hue unto the rainbow." Through their enchantments the clouds are flushed with a rosier tint, and the winds breathe a diviner melody. They have thrown "a perfume upon the violet," and every lonely and nameless flower has been, through their beneficence, endowed with an electric power that thrills our hearts when we do but pass it in our daily walk.

The Poet's benefactions end not with the outer world. They have hallowed and beautified the inner life. Love, under their influence, has experienced an almost heavenly refinement. So thoroughly have they pervaded this delicious passion with the beauty and purity of their own inspiration, that all true lovers feel exalted into Poets, and speak their sweet dialect like a native tongue. They have divested Religion of its forms, and breathed it like "a golden exhalation" over the whole earth. They have set

loose the spirit of Freedom to float like a breeze of Heaven into every human heart. They have spread halos of glory around the heads of the martyrs, and branded the brows of the tyrants with endless infamy.

The invalid upon his bed blesses the Poets for the dreams and music that have brightened and cheered his weary solitude. The mourner listens to their sweet strains, and forgets his sorrow. The old man in perusing their tales lives over again the feelings and the deeds of his youth. The laborer sings their songs along the rugged furrow. The factory girl lightens her toil with their tender melodies. The truths they have written burst gayly from the mariner's lips on the fierce and stormy sea. The woodman sends them ringing through the proud arches of our western forests. Slaves feel their inspiration as they bend over their thankless tasks. Everywhere, and in every time, some heart is cheered and strengthened by their words.

Of all the Poets, Shakspeare has, undoubtedly, afforded the most general and unequivocal delight. His creations furnish food for every sympathy of the human mind. Whatever passion he wishes to embody, or whatever peculiarity of character to delineate, he does it with

such masterly skill that it would seem that the Father of men had invested him with His own power of creation. It is for this that his works are so warmly loved. Men read in them their own hearts. Women are grateful to the genius which, if it too nakedly exposed their follies, exerted its generous power to portray their noblest excellences. He is alike a mirror for kings and clowns. He goes even beyond this, and with the art of a necromancer, exhibits spirits that are nowhere else visible. These are the causes why men so love him — why he is the favorite of the whole world.

There is another who will be some day wondrously loved. But it will be in a quieter and more spiritual age than the present. We speak of Wordsworth, a benefactor whose name is far more familiar to the world than his verse. His genius does not so much dazzle and astonish, as illuminate and bless us. It has all the qualities of vernal sunshine, not only glorifying every thing it touches, but warming into birth a thousand hopes and joys in the soul of man. His Poetry has none of the intoxicating richness we find in Byron; it contains not the *elixir vitæ* so predominant in the verse of Milton; but pure and cool as the water of a mountain rill, it refreshes and invigorates our spirits, without pro-

ducing any of that morbid excitement which leaves us more than ever irritable to the ills and passions of life.

We have Poets in our own land who have threaded the mazes of our hearts and made their homes in their secret chambers. Longfellow and Lowell are the twin stars of the dawning day. They shine upon the laborer, early abroad to his toils; upon the mourner, whose couch gives him no rest. They invite the slumberer to arise and work; and dart their bright beams through the criminal's grate to remind him that there is light in Heaven which will shine even upon him. Glory be unto these ministering angels of humanity. Their mission is one of hope and love. The new and better covenant turns to music upon their lips. They sing as sang the angels at the Redeemer's birth—"Glory to God in the Highest! on earth, Peace, and good-will to man!"

"Never had Poets such high call before,
Never can Poets hope for higher one;
And, if they be but faithful to their trust,
Earth will remember them with love and joy,
And, O, far better, God will not forget!"

R.

AN INCIDENT AT THE WEST.

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

It was in the far-off wilds of Iowa, and we were wandering through the weed-grown village which had been the home of the Iowas, and from which its ill-fated inhabitants had been but a few weeks removed, when our attention was attracted by a little hillock wearing the appearance of a new-made grave. It was on the outskirts of the village, touching the verge of the trail we were following, short and narrow, and, from its peculiar construction, evidently the work of the white man. Mournful insignia of death! what did it here? Far on the Western frontier, near fifty miles beyond the last dwelling of the white man and the last vestige of civilization, amid the boundless prairie, marked only by the trail of the red man, and surrounded by the voiceless silence of the wilderness, who had come here to dig that infant's grave?

I had stood by the sacred spot where those

sons of the wilderness, so recently the dwellers of this forsaken village, deposited their dead, as it lay thickly studded with its oak-roofed groves, and intersected in all directions by deep-worn trails which told but too plainly of the frequent and faithful pilgrimages of the living; and as I remembered how, with all their love and reverence for their departed — a love and reverence inwoven with their very being — they had been compelled to gather up their little all, and turn away from them forever, I had felt that it was as sad a sight as the sun could look upon. But when I stood by this little solitary grave, lying in its loneliness but a short distance apart from the "silent city" of the Iowas, methought *that* was a sight that was sadder still, for something whispered me that it was the key to a tale of more than ordinary sorrow.

At a distance of, perhaps, fifty rods from the little grave, stood an old Indian trading-house, rudely built of logs, which, on approaching, we discovered to be inhabited, and by a white family, a young man and his still younger wife. With an instinct apparently natural to the white man, they had followed hard on the footsteps of the retreating Indian; and here, far away from all the civilized world, in the midst of boundless prairies, had they made their home, and here the

incident so imperfectly related in the following lines took place.

THE GRAVE IN THE WILDERNESS.

I saw a lonely little grave
  Upon the prairie wide;
The tall wild flowers around it wave,
  And wild birds sing beside.

Three little spans in length it lay;
  Just two, its width would bound;
O, heavy hearts, I ween, had they
  Who hollowed out the ground!

For 't was a little babe that slept
  In that lone spot of earth,
And they who dug its grave, and wept,
  Were they who gave it birth.

No human eye, save theirs, was by
  To watch its parting breath;
No man of healing art came nigh,
  To rescue it from death.

For, far away from all the haunts
  Where white men live and die,
They dwelt alone, — and few their wants
  Beneath that western sky.

'T was here that little babe was born,
'T was here it drooped and died;
O, woful were the hearts, that morn,
Of those who stood beside!

You would have wept, had you been there,
To see their grief so wild,
And all the vain, but touching care,
They lavished on their child!

O, love is strong! and round the heart
They twine with closer tie —
Our loved ones — when they hence depart,
And leave our fold to die!

O, love is strong, and wild, and deep!
And who are they that say,
When low within the grave we sleep,
Its bands are broke for aye?

O, love is deathless! and they grew —
That mother and that sire —
Strong in its mighty power, to do
All earth might still require.

The mother wrought its little shroud,
The sire its coffin made,
While now they wept and sobbed aloud,
And now to God they prayed.

They laid it in its little bed,
  They kissed its lips so sweet,
Then placed a taper at its head,
  Another at its feet.

The grave at length they hollowed out,
  And lowered the coffin — then
Turned back the mould, and, all about,
  Smoothed the green turf again.

Then slowly from the spot they turned,
  With pale and solemn brow,
And to the lonely hearth returned,
  Whose light was vanished now.

While, in their daily paths, once more,
  Hand locked in hand, they trod,
Serenely trusting that their flower
  Was blossoming with God.

But the same mighty love and faith
  Which burned within their breast,
Subdued the wildly struggling breath,
  And soothed their grief to rest.

THE LAPLANDER'S SONG.

Over the snow with springing feet,
With the bounding sledge course the reindeer fleet.
Hark! away o'er the crusted snow,
With their tinkling bells do the reindeer go.

Merrily glides the tiny sledge
O'er the crisping drifts and the glacier's edge;
Lightly treadeth the blithe reindeer,
And the moon shines cold through the midnight clear.

The glittering hoar-frost fills the air,
And the dwarf-oak stands with its branches bare,
Hung with icicles, pure and bright,
In the sparkling eye of the keen starlight.

O, glorious is our Lapland night,
With its trackless wilds, and its flashing light
Gleaming up from the fathomless blue —
And the hearts, far dearer — the true! the true!

Haste thee, love, for I hear their bells,
Tinkling faint through the dim pine dells;
Haste thee, love, for we may not stay;
A voice in the starlight — Away! Away!

E. A. S.

THE UNBELIEVER NO PHILOSOPHER.

BY OTIS A. SKINNER.

> Real Faith is like the sun's fair flower,
> Which, midst the clouds that shroud it, and the winds
> That wave it to and fro, and all the changes
> Of air, and earth, and sky, doth rear its head,
> And looketh up still steadfast to its God. ANON.

WE pity the man who has no Faith, who can look up to the bright heavens, and see enthroned there no Supreme Ruler; who can look abroad upon the earth, and see no imprints of infinite wisdom and goodness; who can listen to the rolling thunder, and not hear the voice of an Almighty Being; who can peruse the pages of the Bible, and discover only legends of superstition, and the fables of impostors. And if there is any one who, above all others, needs pity, it is such an unbeliever. He knows not whence he came, nor whither he is destined. His soul aspires to something higher than earth, and yearns after that knowledge which will explain the mysteries of his being, and reveal the power

which moves the vast machinery of nature. He sees himself hurrying on to the grave, whose gates, though every day unfolded, have yielded no light to relieve his heart of its painful apprehensions. Whether he is a being of chance or of unbending fate, and whether he is to survive the dissolution of the body or perish like a worm, is all conjecture. Unhappy man! In regard to the great subjects which most engross his thoughts, and which force themselves upon him with peculiar power in his hours of solitude and trial, his opinions are wholly unsettled, or, if settled, they are devoid of all comfort, encouragement, and hope.

But with all his misfortunes, the unbeliever is proud, and will scorn our pity. He calls himself a disciple of nature, and boasts of being taught by the sun, moon, and stars, by that glorious volume whose pages are alike open to the whole world — the volume which has been the study and guide of those among the most distinguished for talents and attainments. He says, that if he errs, he errs with men whose praise is universal, and who have no superiors in the services they have rendered the world; that if his way is dark and dreary, it is honorable, for men of the highest honor have walked therein. Alas, what poor consolation! It may, we admit, be some satis-

faction to know, that if we have wandered, and been indiscreet, and exposed ourselves to just censure, we have not been alone in our folly — that others have strayed as widely; but this will not extricate us from our difficulties, or mitigate the evils they have power to inflict. Unbelief is just as withering as though it had never cursed Hume, and Gibbon, and Voltaire; its darkness just as palpable as though it had never enveloped the souls of the gifted and great.

The unbeliever has the least reason of all men for being proud of his opinions. They are not only blighting to the affections, and destructive to the highest aspirations of the soul, but they are unphilosophical, and very far from reflecting honor upon the judgment. We know that he boasts of following reason, and of being free from superstition; but such a boast shows the dimness of his intellectual vision. Had he followed reason, he would never have adopted the irrational conclusions to which he has come; for reason teaches that there can be no effect without a cause. It is not more certain that the immense tombs of Egypt, with their vast chambers for the receptacle of the mighty dead, had a builder, than that the universe, with its majestic worlds, perpetually revolving in their orbits, had a Creator. The traveller who stands amid the

ruins of Edom, and looks up the lofty perpendicular mountains which have been cut smooth, that encompass the city, and beholds in the sides of those mountains, extended ranges of dwelling-houses, temples, theatres and tombs, ornamented with columns, porticoes, pediments and corridors, excavated out of the solid rock, knows that the architect was once there, and that this wonderful city was the work of human art and strength. But what was Edom in the days of its glory, with its magnificent walls, its temples of beauty, its palaces of splendor, and its mysterious tombs, compared with the universe, with its countless worlds? And yet, the unbeliever calls himself a philosopher, a disciple of reason, while he denies that the universe had a Creator! Though in every part, from the mightiest planet down to the grain of sand, he sees the manifestation of a wisdom which never erred, and whose designs are innumerable, he denies the existence of a Great controlling Mind! What could be so irrational? How much more philosophical to say, with the inspired penman, "Every house is builded by some man; but he that built all things is God."

The unbeliever manifests the same want of philosophy, in denying the inspiration of the New Testament. Though he admits that its

moral precepts are perfect, and suited to his physical, intellectual, and spiritual natures, he denies that they were given by inspiration! But how will he account for the unequalled knowledge of their authors? Whence had they all their wisdom? How were they enabled to surpass so infinitely all the renowned philosophers and moralists of the world? Centuries on centuries have passed away; proud discoveries have been made in the arts and sciences; mighty revolutions have been effected in the civil and political condition of mankind; and yet, none have outgrown Christianity; it is just as fresh and well adapted to the world, as when first announced by its holy heralds. How much more rational, then, to say that God was with the teachers of this religion, and that they were endowed with his wisdom, than that rules so perfect, so beneficial, so universal and unalterable in their application, were the production of ignorant, superstitious, and wicked men!

The unbeliever manifests the same want of good philosophy in his contempt of Faith. He boasts that he is guided by knowledge, and sneeringly says that only the superstitious walk by Faith. But what does he know? Can he demonstrate what causes the movement of the heavenly bodies, and why Mercury should travel

at the rate of ninety-five thousand miles an hour, while Venus travels only sixty-nine thousand miles? Does he know what gravitation and cohesion are? Can he tell why the warming sun and gentle rain cause the earth to be covered with verdure? Can he explain how food nourishes his body, and gives him vigor and strength to attend to the varied duties of life? or how his will can control his lips, feet, and hands? or how his eye can transfer to his mind the object upon which he looks? or how his voice can convey to another the sentiments of his soul? Knowledge! Every man is surrounded by mysteries. There is a mystery in the light which guides his steps, in the air which invigorates his body, in the water which slakes his thirst, and in every particle of sand upon which he treads! It is not knowledge, but faith in invisible and unknown powers, which makes him look for the freshness of spring, the beauty of summer, and the plenty of autumn, and which assures him that his senses may be trusted with undoubting confidence. This faith is built upon experience, observation, and the operation of unvarying laws; and a knowledge that should disclose every cause which aids in producing the various results that are witnessed, would not be a safer or more satisfactory guide.

But it is not only in regard to things natural that the unbeliever exercises faith; like the Christian, he has faith in history, in the testimony of the scientific, and the communications of those with whom he daily mingles. No one reads with more confidence the records of past ages, or leans with more assurance upon the declarations of those eminent for their discoveries in the arts and sciences, or receives with more readiness the word of a true friend. Were he to reject all he does not know, the past with all its instructions, rich and varied and valuable as they are, would be excluded from his mind. He could not be enlightened or warned by the nations which lived in ancient times; he could gather no information from the causes which contributed to their prosperity, or the errors which proved their overthrow. The voice which comes down from the past, bringing the collected wisdom of all the generations that have lived, he would not heed. The works of philosophers, astronomers, and geologists, would open to him none of the wonders existing in the natural world; all the knowledge attained would be by his own unaided efforts. Scholars, artisans, and husbandmen, would afford him no aid in improving his mind or rightly employing his physical energies. He could hold no communion with friends, and

take no pleasure in listening to the voice of love or wisdom! Wretched, indeed, would be his condition! Faith! How indispensable! Were it excluded from the world, the march of improvement would stop; society would have no bond of union; laws would exert no restraining power; dangers would not be feared; blessings would not be sought.

Religious Faith is equally essential. Without its restraining power, man has no curb upon his passions, and the noble mind, with all its lofty capacities and high attainments, is degraded to the meanest service, and made a wretched slave. What painful examples does the world present of those thus ruined! Men who have stood in the pulpit and at the bar, who have occupied high seats in our national council, who have shone in the circles of fashion, have fallen away from their exalted station of honor and trust, for the want of faith in the veracity of that Great Being who rules among the nations of earth. They did not believe that he would execute those threatenings, declaring that the wicked shall be smitten with the iron edge of judgment. Had they believed this, they would have been deterred from transgression. They would have seen that the way of sin was dark and wretched, and that no man could walk therein without being led to

destruction. What a sad picture is presented in many portions of the earth. Blood treads upon the heels of blood; blasphemy and curses are answered with blasphemy and curses: hatred and malignity war against hatred and malignity; deceit, treachery, and perjury are in all hearts; drunkenness and lewdness debase those in every walk of life. What a fearful condition! There is but one power that can cure these evils, and that is the power of faith. It can lay its mighty hand upon these inflamed hearts, and subdue all their angry passions.

Faith is equally essential in prompting man to holy action. It assures the soul that God will abundantly reward all who seek him; that his eye is ever upon the righteous, beholding all their pious endeavors, and that his guardian arm is ever their protection. It declares, in the language of divine assurance, that nothing shall harm those who follow that which is good; that however assailed by persecution, they shall rest in calm security. This accounts for the lion boldness and unyielding determination of all who have taken the shield of faith. They have subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, been valiant in fight, and turned the

armies of the aliens to confusion! Faith was the support of Abraham as he journeyed in the land of strangers; it was the panoply of Joseph when tempted and tried in Egypt; it was the guide of Moses when he renounced the honors of the court of Pharaoh, and linked himself with a degraded and down-trodden people; and it was the consolation of the prophets and apostles when they had their trials of cruel mockings, and scourges, and bonds, and imprisonments, when they wandered about in deserts and mountains, clothed in sheep-skins and goat-skins, seeking shelter in caves and dens, and when stoned, and sawn asunder, and slain with the sword. They saw that God who sat upon the throne of the universe was infinitely wise, powerful, and good, and that however great their sacrifices and terrible their sufferings, he would be their defence, and make them more than conquerors. Therefore they faltered not, but were ever unvarying in their attachment to the truth, and valiant in their warfare against its foes. O Faith, how mighty have been thy conquests! how glorious thy achievements! Thy light has illumined the way of all who have pursued the path of holiness, and thy strength given them power to stand in the evil day!

Faith is also indispensable in the hour of

death. He that sees the grave opening for his reception, and beholds beyond it no sunny isles of peace for the abode of his spirit, is in a most deplorable condition. He feels, not only that he is to leave behind those he loves, but that his separation from them is endless, and that he is to sink into an oblivion from which he will never rise. The thought is distracting, and in the anguish of his soul he cries out,

> "Must I be left abandoned in the dust,
> When Fate, relenting, lets the flowers revive?"

Is there not an immortal spring when I shall come forth, and rejoice in the works of God and in the society of friends? Will not the voice of the infinite One, like the mighty thunders of the upper deep, wake me from my slumber, and bid me live? How different are the emotions and prospects of the Christian. He has no fear, for he knows that he is shielded by infinite Power and Love; he has no dread, for the valley of death is illumined with the splendors of immortality; he has no unwillingness to obey the summons, for he knows that

> "The dead are like the stars by day;
> Withdrawn from mortal eye,
> But not extinct, they hold their way
> In glory through the sky;

Spirits of bondage, thus set free,
Vanish amidst immensity,
Where human thought, like human sight,
Fails to pursue their trackless flight."

His faith opens to him the gates of heaven; enables him to gaze upon its eternal glories, behold the countless throng that bow in unceasing adoration, and hear the loud songs of rejoicing that rise in eternal harmony around the divine throne. O Faith! how blessed and soothing is thy power! how glorious are thy discoveries to the soul!

Thus, he is the true philosopher who clings to Faith, holds it up as essential to human peace, and not he who denounces it as the handmaid of superstition.

"Faith is the substance of our hopes,
Unseen by mortal eyes;
Faith is the key of prayer, that opes
The treasures of the skies.
Faith is the dawn of heavenly light
That cheers the doubting soul,
And drives away those clouds of night
That round her vision roll."

THE NEW HOME.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

A BLESSING on this cottage home!
And on these green, o'erhanging trees,
Whence the sweet, balmy perfumes come,
Borne down upon the summer breeze.
A blessing on this threshold fall,
A blessing on this lowly roof!
Here, free from Fashion's gilded thrall,
We'll dwell from worldly Pride aloof.

Here quiet like a dove shall brood,
And build in every heart a nest;
Here shall a social solitude
Pervade and hallow every breast.
We'll plant the roses by the door,
Where throws the sun his golden darts;
But more — ah, we will strive for more,
To plant bright roses in our hearts.

Below us, in the verdant glen,
Our little favorite Bow Brook glides,
As fresh and beautiful as when
We earliest trod its grassy sides.

There still the wild-rose blooms as free,
As gayly still the blue-bird sings;
Still mid the clover hums the bee,
And stores the honey 'neath his wings.

The alder copse along the shore
Winds in and out with native grace;
And gadding shrubs and vines creep o'er
And on the topmost boughs embrace.
The little meadow lies below,
Half hidden by the circling trees;
One moment in a sunny glow,
Then veiled in shadow by the breeze.

But these are only outward scenes,
Which suit some cloudless summer day;
When winter darkly intervenes,
What then shall while the hours away?
Ah, Shakspeare, kind old bard, will cheer
Our fireside with some mirthful tale,
Or with the wanderings of poor Lear,
Make tears in laughter's place prevail.

Then Burns his tender lays shall sing,
Until our hearts grow soft and warm;
While o'er our roof the northern King
Rides muffled in the fleecy storm.
And if those hearts shall keenly feel
The chastening of some heavy rod,
From lightsome mirth we 'll softly steal,
And read alone the word of God.

Then blessings on our threshold rest,
That whosoe'er shall o'er it tread,
May feel bright sunshine in his breast,
And gladness round his being spread!
Ne'er hence shall be the beggar thrust,
Ne'er welcomed be the oppressor in;
So God shall hold it in his trust,
And guard it evermore from sin.

THE RIVULET.

FAR in a lone, green turfy meadow,
Flows brightly forth a silvery spring;
There falls the earliest light and shadow,
There dips the bird his dusty wing.

Its waters through the meadow gliding,
Give life to many a fair, sweet flower,
Or in some leafy dingle hiding,
Scoop out the angler's sylvan bower.

Now by the dusty roadside flashing,
Tired travellers on its borders kneel;
And now beneath the willows dashing,
It turns the miller's rumbling wheel.

No kindly act it deems too lowly,
If but one heart is soothed thereby,
If but one spirit, made more holy,
Looks o'er the world with brighter eye.

Thus Nature, with her thousand voices,
Bids man his life in *action* spend;
If she in deeds of love rejoices,
Shall man to man be less a friend?

S. C. E.

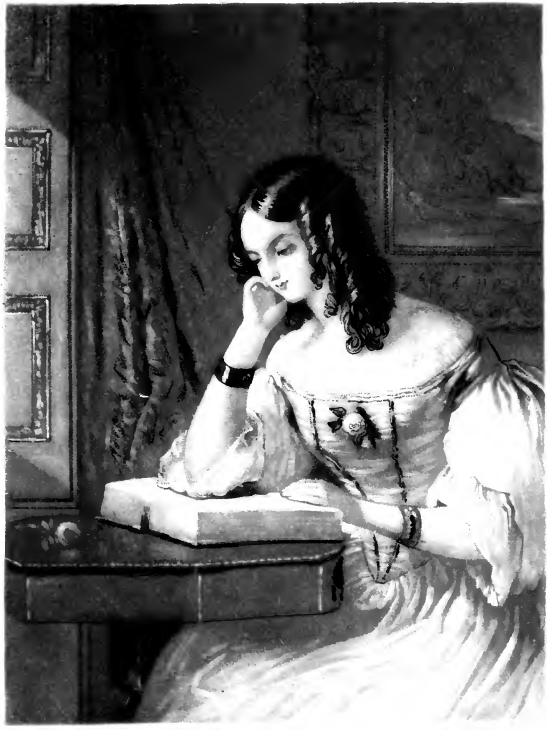
THE STUDY.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

A MILE from the village of W. stood an elegant residence, known about the country as the Appleton Place. It was surrounded by green fields and noble parks, with many a little gem of a garden scattered about in its sunny nooks, and bordering the gravel walks that ran in every direction through the grounds.

Fortunate was the owner of this splendid country-seat — fortunate, not only in his worldly possessions, but peculiarly so in his domestic relations. He had a lovely and amiable wife to whom he was fondly attached, and an only son, just escaped from college bondage, and now "running wild" amid the ruins of the old Republics.

But though the owner of the Place was indeed fortunate, he had a gardener who successfully rivalled him in happiness. True, Thomas Margrave owned not one rood of land on the face of



the globe; he could not even lay claim to the pinks and roses that scented his door-yard; but what cared he, so long as the soil furnished him with food, and the trees yielded him their shade and fruit; so long as he could breathe the perfume of the flowers, and sleep beneath the roof of the prettiest cottage in New England, what cared he whether the nominal possession were his or not? Enough for him to *enjoy*. He was too wise to covet any other tenure than that which God had given him in his senses.

But Thomas had *one* possession of which he was equally covetous and proud. He had a young, beautiful daughter — the heroine of our story — the sweetest flower that bloomed in the shades of Appleton Place.

Phœbe Margrave was a gloriously bright creature. Lips, luscious as ripe, melting strawberries; eyes like the shaded springs of the woodland; cheeks warm and rich as a carnation; a brow like a sunny snow-bank, and curls as dark and glossy as the wing of the young crow she tamed and petted — all these, perfect as they were, were lost in the brilliancy of the intellect which shone undimmed through her pure, transparent face.

Descriptions of beauty are hackneyed — and Phœbe's loveliness was rea ly too fresh and

spiritual to be painted by a pencil as unskilled as ours. She was a most gifted, but most artless being, and had that excellent judgment which is too rarely the accompaniment of a beautiful person and a poetic temperament. She was not above her condition, and yet she knew that she was capable of filling any station to which her destiny might call her. While simply a gardener's daughter, she was satisfied to tend the flowers, and arrange boquets and garlands for the fêtes at the Place. She, with her own hands, stamped the butter, and picked the strawberries, and skimmed the cream that was daily sent up to their table. She did fine sewing, too, for Mrs. Appleton, and clear-starched her muslins and linens. All these little duties were pleasant to her, and made peculiarly so by the deep love she bore to the family for whom they were performed.

We will open upon a page or two of her earlier life. Thomas Margrave took possession of his cottage, and entered upon his services on his wedding-day. His wife, an innocent country girl, had a wild enthusiasm for flowers, and birds, and written poetry. No marvel that with such a passion, hourly gratified, too, her child should have entered the world impressed with every beauty of hue, and form,

and motion. No wonder that she moved like the zephyrs, and sang like the birds; that her eyes were dewy, and her lips sweet as moss-rosebuds. Upon this little flower of God, therefore, the mother now centred her fresh, pure love. She had no treatise upon maternal duties to consult, but she read the holy book of Nature, and copied its rules in the education of her little girl. Eight years she waited on this young spirit like a guardian-angel — and then God said the spirit must be its own guardian, and called the mother to the duties of a higher life.

Appleton Place and its enclosures formed a domain distinct from the world around it. Phœbe grew up, therefore, with only one playmate, Gerald Appleton, the heir of this fine estate, and a boy worthy to be the son of a prince. Their intimacy was encouraged by the parents of Gerald, who thought a sweet and gentle girl a much better companion for their bold and impetuous boy than one of the same sex and similar character. His feelings gained a tenderness and refinement from intercourse with one so soft and innocent, and his manners displayed none of the rudeness so common to healthy and mirth-loving boys. In short, Phœbe put all those litle finishing touches upon his character, without which no model is perfect; and

he, in turn, performed an equally good service to her, in strengthening her judgment and directing her tastes. All the good counsel he gained from his tutor he imparted to his dear little pupil; and so they grew up together, intelligent, loving, and pure.

But it is not permitted to us to dwell in Eden forever, and at the age of fourteen Gerald was sent away to college. Phœbe was quite desolate for many weeks; but gradually she involved herself with a variety of pets, such as flowers, and birds, and young rabbits, and made an estimate of the amount of knowledge she must acquire before Gerald came home at vacation.

But it must be confessed poor Phœbe was sadly disappointed when vacation came. She had improved rapidly in her studies, and calculated on receiving much praise and assistance from her young tutor; instead of this, he brought home with him a classmate for a companion, and spent the whole vacation in gunning and fishing, seeming to take no more interest in poor Phœbe and her studies, than he did in the affairs of the chambermaid.

Gerald was not fickle. He would have been very angry if any person had accused him of neglecting his sweet friend; but, like other boys, he was charmed with the novelty of having a

male companion who could share in those wild and daring sports he so dearly loved.

Phœbe did not neglect her studies, however, because she was neglected by her tutor. She loved knowledge too well to be discouraged in its pursuit. Mrs. Appleton, who really loved the beautiful child, found it an interesting amusement to teach so quick and thoughtful a mind. The only book Phœbe hated was her Arithmetic. Geography she loved, particularly in its descriptive portions; but it was to Botany she devoted herself with the most passionate ardor. She lived, breathed, and had her being in flowers. She did not care so much about the beautiful ones around her door, as for the lonely blossoms she found far away among the rocks, or hidden amid the roots of old trees. There was a sentiment in these pure and solitary things that bewitched alike her fancy and her heart. She did not talk of them, nor wear them in her hair, nor gather them often for her little vase; but she sat down beside them in the lonely woods, and gazed and gazed at them, till her heart ran over with poetry and love.

Four years passed away, and Gerald Appleton graduated with high honors. Phœbe flattered herself that she should now renew her intercourse with her old friend again. She was dis-

appointed. A day or two after his return from college, he met her walking in the park.

"Ah, my sweet Phœbe, how do you do? I am glad to see you again. I shall never forget the happy days we have spent together. When shall we renew them? Ah, Phœbe, perhaps never! for when I return from Europe, I dare say some other young tutor, — eh? Phœbe! — will have borne away our fairest flower!"

"Europe! you are not going to Europe, Gerald?"

"I am, Phœbe, so happy. I shall never rest contentedly in Appleton Place, till I have seen something of the world abroad. Never shall I have a better opportunity. I am young, now, entangled with no domestic or business ties, with my head full of classical associations, and all the enthusiasm requisite to make me enjoy to the fullest, a visit to the shrines of the olden deities. More than all, my dear chum is going, and entreats me to accompany him. Father has consented, and so we shall start early next month. My head is full of nothing but Europe now."

"So I should suppose. What a delightful time you will have! But we — ah, we shall miss you very much!"

"Dear Phœbe! But the absence will be short.

Only two years, and then back I shall hasten to Appleton Place, loving it more than ever."

After Gerald's departure, Phœbe applied herself with fresh ardor to her studies. She took a sudden interest in history — especially did she delight in the histories of Greece and Rome — the countries where her friend Gerald was to spend so many exciting months. She used to sit long afternoons, reading upon these subjects to Mrs. Appleton, and interspersing them with annotations of her own, such as these, — "Ah, Gerald will see that spot!" "I wonder how Gerald will feel walking under those triumphal arches?" "Mrs. Appleton, do you think Gerald will visit the Acropolis?"

As Phœbe grew older, however, she ceased to mention his name so often; and instead of spending much of her time at the Place, used to shut herself up in her own little room, and pore over a new class of literature. She began the study of the old English dramatists, copies of which she found in the Appleton library, and which she soon discovered were full of notes and pencil-marks — the work of Gerald during vacations. How much taste, what fine criticism had he displayed! Phœbe felt almost as much assisted as though she had had him at her side to direct her judgment.

After the dramatists, she turned with fresh avidity to the other old poets — to Chaucer, Spenser, the ballad-writers, down to the poets of our own age. It was a great study, but Phœbe never thought of growing weary. Her fine taste, her natural passion for the beautiful, her love of melody, all aided her in understanding and enjoying their merits. It was a beautiful sight to look in at the window of that vine-covered cottage, and see the little modest room and its fair young inmate. With her table drawn up before the window, a flower on her bosom, and another lying before her, a book beneath her hand, — ah! those hands — tending flowers had never spoiled them! — wearing her favorite dress of white cambric, her dark hair falling in curls over her soft, fair cheeks, and her eyes fastened upon the fascinating page, she was indeed a picture worthy of a painter's skill, and a poet's song.

Sometimes she would close her book, and sit with her head resting upon her hand in long and delicious revery. One day this revery was more protracted than usual. The hues had faded from the sky, and the stars came out to fulfil their nightly watch. She looked upon them, and mused solemnly awhile. "O, poetry is delicious!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands,

"but will it fit me for actual life, for stern reality? Will it sustain me under suffering, and console me in disappointment? It has taught me to feel and to love; will it teach me to conquer feeling, and to subdue love? Has it not rather enervated than elevated my spirit?"

She was again silent as though endeavoring to solve these questions in her mind. "No," she exclaimed again, more earnestly than before; "Poetry is as good and strengthening as it is sweet and delicious. *Excess* is what has injured me. I have shut out the world too much from my heart, and studied the ideal too intensely. I will not forsake Poesy. She shall go with me into the world to protect and guide my heart. I will be her pupil but not her slave."

From this time a change took place in Phœbe's habits of life. She loved not Nature and Fancy less, but God and Humanity more. She saw that her life had been false and selfish, and she determined to elevate and enlarge it. Almost daily might she be seen issuing from the park-gate, bearing in her hand an elegant boquet of carnations and roses with which she designed to brighten some invalid's chamber, or the gloomy home of poverty. She formed friendships, too, with the young people of the village; made little

parties for them at the cottage, and exerted her varied talents to contribute to their happiness.

Her life had hitherto been so retired that though her beauty and accomplishments were not unknown, no one had ventured to offer admiration. Now that she was found to be accessible, she was beset by numerous applicants for her love. Without pausing to analyze her motives, she gave them all an instant rejection. Phœbe had an ideal which *they* did not reach.

In alternate study and active duty, Phœbe reached her nineteenth year. Her beauty, her intellect, her character, seemed now fully developed, if not matured. All that her childhood had promised was more than fulfilled. Though the unpretending and familiar associate of the humblest of her neighbors, she was fitted for any station in society, and for intercourse with the highest order of intellect.

It was a proud and happy day for Appleton Place when Gerald returned from his travels. Instead of two, he had been near four years absent, having spent considerable time in the schools of Germany, and in otherwise adding to his stores of knowledge. He was much improved in manners and personal appearance; had visited courts, and attained all the simple dignity he so much admired in noblemen and

princes. His character was as gentle and magnanimous as in the days of his boyhood. Who can wonder that his parents looked on him with pride?

"Mother, you have beautiful flowers here," said Gerald, as they sat down to the tea-table.

"Yes, and they were sent me by a beautiful girl. You remember Phœbe?"

"Phœbe! Indeed I do, mother. I must call and see her in the morning. I hardly expected to find Phœbe a girl yet. It bespeaks poor taste in the village beaux to leave her in the shade so long."

"It is their misfortune, not their fault, that she still remains unwedded. Poor fellows! they have sued earnestly enough — some of them."

"What, Phœbe a coquette? Always so with your beautiful girls, though I had hoped better things of Phœbe."

"Phœbe is no coquette," replied Mrs. Appleton. "But her mental superiority forbids her marrying in her own sphere. If you were as romantic as some young men, Gerald, I should have sent this pretty gardener's daughter out of your way. As it is, I caution you to be careful of your heart!"

Gerald laughed. "I have a good deal of affection for her already, dear mother. What-

ever little softness of character I possess, I owe to her sweet influence. I shall always love Phœbe."

The next morning Gerald took an early stroll down to the cottage. There had been a smart shower during the night, and the flowers lay prostrate along the walks. As he turned the corner of a tasteful little summer-house, he came suddenly upon a bed of rich carnations, before which Phœbe was kneeling, in the act of tying them up to the rods from which they had escaped. He contemplated her figure a moment before she perceived him. She was very simply attired in a dark morning-dress, and her beautiful curls were partially hid by a little drawn cap. But she needed no adornments of dress. The glow and lustre imparted to her countenance by her graceful exercise made her sufficiently captivating.

Gerald reached out his arm carefully, and shook the long branch of a rose-bush that hung over her head. A shower of rose-leaves and dew-drops fell upon her neck and bosom. She started to her feet with a blush that mantled her whole face. The years since they were playmates together seemed to vanish. Gerald clasped her in his arms and kissed her burning cheek;

and before they were aware, they were both wiping tears from their eyes.

Gerald led her into the little summer-house, and they sat down together as in earlier days. "Why, Phœbe!" said he, impulsively, "you were captivating enough when a child; why did you grow up so beautiful?"

"Ah," said poor Phœbe, "you who have been in the halls of princes, and gazed on the magnificent ladies of courts, should not talk to a cottage girl of her beauty!"

"Art made their beauty, love; God made yours!" A moment Phœbe cast down her timid eyes. Then raising them frankly, she said, "I am very fortunate in retaining your friendship so long. I think your heart has not travelled."

"You are right. It was born and will die in Appleton Place. I hope dear Phœbe will have the same destiny."

"Perhaps some 'tutor' will steal me away," said she, a little archly.

"That I forbid. Appleton Place without Phœbe! Why it would be a desert!"

These earnest expressions, though Phœbe had sense enough to regard them as the careless compliments of a man of the world, did, nevertheless, find their way into a deep recess of

her heart. She treasured them all as so many jewels to be counted over with a miser's greediness.

"Let us walk about the garden," said Gerald, rising and drawing her arm through his. They walked some moments in silence. All at once the contrast between their dress, and their different positions in society, struck her sensitive mind. She drew away her arm. "It is not proper for me to walk with you so. Do not make me forget the difference in our worldly conditions, Gerald."

The young man looked at her with a troubled expression. "I do not understand you, Phœbe. People talk, I know, about a difference of rank, and build up artificial distinctions; but am I bound to recognise lines of separation which have no real existence? To my apprehension, all human beings stand upon one platform. These grades and ranks are only ideal. I will not countenance what is false, Phœbe. I will not allow you to allude to any difference in our conditions. You are the peer of the king and the slave alike, so far as they equal you in goodness and truth."

"You are noble, you are generous, as you always were," exclaimed Phœbe; "but if you

do not, the world *does* recognise these differences, and — "

"And what, Phœbe? My conscience and judgment are my law, not the opinion of the world."

"Dear Gerald, it will do very well for you, who are a man, and occupying a station the world will respect, to bid defiance to its opinions; but I am a woman, the child of a poor man, sustaining the relation of a servant-girl to your mother — it would be folly and disgrace for *me* to treat the prejudices of the world with contempt."

Gerald mused a moment. "I respect your delicacy," he said, "but if the difference in our worldly conditions be the only objection you have to an intimacy with me, I must insist that you will never think of it. You shall receive from me, at least, the honor and respect due to a sister, and the world shall be taught to recognise you as sustaining that relation. Phœbe, will you take my arm?"

She hesitated no longer, but walking timidly at his side, talked to him of what she had done in his absence, and listened to his sketches of the thousand interesting things he had seen abroad. They entered the cottage together, and in its neat and tasteful decorations, in the mingling of

its books, flowers, and music, Gerald saw evidences of a pure and refined intellect. He was surprised in conversation with Phœbe to discover so much cultivation of thought and sentiment; he acknowledged to himself that he had never, in any sphere, met her superior. Her beauty, too, made every thing she said so graceful!

After this morning, the intimacy of their childhood seemed restored to them. Once more Gerald was a tutor; once more Phœbe measured and corrected her tastes by his. They played in the garden together, as merrily and innocently as when they were children; they read together the books that charmed them in youth; and compared their juvenile with their maturer tastes. All this was very delightful and very dangerous for poor Phœbe. But she could not stop to anticipate or dread results. The Present absorbed every thought. An event occurred, however, to recall her to reflection and sorrow.

There arrived at Appleton Place a beautiful orphan cousin, an heiress of immense wealth. She came with the intention of remaining a number of months. The report was very soon current, that a union was to take place between the heir of Appleton Place and his elegant cousin, Leona. Phœbe had been presented to this young lady, and found her one of the love-

liest and most accomplished of her sex. She was a great favorite with Gerald's parents, and ah! too surely poor Phœbe felt, a great favorite with Gerald, also.

Many were the festivities and amusements introduced at the Place in honor of the beautiful guest. Walks, rides, sails, and parties innumerable, in all of which Gerald was Leona's favored attendant. At first, he had urged Phœbe to accompany them; but as he saw that these entreaties gave her pain, and that she very decidedly refused compliance, he soon discontinued them. Phœbe was now alone. She neither called at Appleton Place, nor was visited by Gerald or his mother as often as formerly. Leona sometimes called, and seemed to regard the sweet girl with something of a sister's fondness. These visits were painful to Phœbe, but she strove to subdue every feeling of envy, and rejoice only in Gerald's good fortune. It was not easy for her to do this. She found, now that it was too late to avoid it, that she had been loving Gerald too much; that the time was now past when she could look upon his marriage with another, and feel no emotions of regret. He was all that made life sweet and beautiful to her. Without his society, she felt that her future

pilgrimage would be without interest; that she should wish only to die.

Rumors reached her every day of great preparations that were making at the Place for the approaching marriage. Mrs. Appleton herself called down to the cottage, and bespoke a large number of boquets for the parlors, and flowers for the bride. Phœbe had an orange-tree almost ready to bloom. She gave it plenty of air, and sunshine, and water, to hasten forward the buds. She would entwine them with the blossoms of the sweet jessamine, and her own hands should place them amid Leona's sunny braids.

The evening before the wedding, Gerald came down to the cottage. Phœbe was in the garden, collecting flowers. "Roses for the wedding?" said he. "Ah, the loveliest Rose there, will be a human flower."

"You will have a beautiful bride," said Phœbe, turning away from his gaze.

"I shall, indeed. Beautiful alike in face and soul. See here, Phœbe," — he lifted two white moss-rose buds as he spoke, — "wear these, to-morrow, will you not?"

"Why to-morrow?"

"Because they will befit a bridal. You must stand at Leona's side when the vows are spoken, Phœbe."

The poor girl turned pale. "O, do not ask it of me, Gerald. You must yourself perceive how incongruous such an office would be. Leona will wear her jewels and her satins; my costliest garb is a plain white cambric; and jewels I have none, except such as nature gives me in the flowers. Besides, Leona is so gloriously beautiful, no one is fit to stand at her side."

"None *but* Phœbe. Father, mother, Leona, all of us desire this favor. You will not refuse, dear Phœbe?"

Phœbe yielded a reluctant consent, though she felt it was adding a bitter cup to the grief she already experienced. Gerald promised to call for her at an early hour, and then took his leave.

The wedding morn was cool, bright, and fragrant. At eight o'clock, Phœbe was attired for the bridal. She wore her white cambric, which made her look like an angel, and no ornament save a rose on her bosom, and a bracelet of her mother's hair upon her beautiful arm.

"What need have you of jewels, love? You are a jewel yourself!" exclaimed Gerald, as he entered the cottage to conduct her up to the Place.

Phœbe took in her hand the orange-flowers and the jessamine for the bride. When they reached the house, a servant led her up to

Leona's chamber. She found her already attired in white silk, with no ornament but a necklace of pearls, to which was attached a little locket set with diamonds. She received Phœbe with an affectionate kiss, and thanked her warmly for the beautiful flowers. She sat down for Phœbe to place them in her hair, and then opening a little box which stood upon the mantel, took from it a hair bracelet with a diamond clasp, and fastened it upon Phœbe's arm. "It is Gerald's hair," she whispered, again kissing the cheek that grew crimson; "I wove it expressly for you."

"You should have woven me one of yours, not of his," replied poor Phœbe.

"Ah, I knew it could not be so precious to you," said Leona, laughing. Then observing Phœbe's confusion, she clasped her arms about her, and begged her forgiveness. "Let us go into the antechamber, now," she added, drawing her toward the door. "Our lovers wait us here."

Puzzled by Leona's words, poor Phœbe was still more bewildered, on entering the antechamber, to see a stranger-gentleman come forward and take Leona's hands, while her own arm was drawn through Gerald's. "Dear Phœbe," said he, "allow me to introduce to you Mr.

Waldron, the gentleman who is to lead our fair cousin to the altar, this morning."

Trembling, confused, she received his salutations in silence. "Tell me how this is," she whispered, turning to Gerald.

He drew her to a seat. The bride and bridegroom had walked out upon the balcony. "You have been deceived," he said, tenderly taking her hand. "Leona was engaged to Mr. Waldron when she came here. The report of her union with me had, therefore, no real foundation. How could you suppose I had a heart for any one but you, dearest?"

"O, why did you not undeceive me before?"

"Forgive me, sweet Phœbe. This opportunity of testing your feelings and character was too precious to be relinquished. Now tell me, frankly, love, are you glad or sorry to be undeceived at last?"

She did not reply. "Phœbe, do you wait to be told of my love for you? Have you not seen it in every look and word since the morning when we first met after four long years of separation? Phœbe! Phœbe! question not the truth and devotedness of my affection. Only say whether you can return it."

There was no need of words. The entrance of Leona and her companion at length interrupt-

ed the sweet reverie of love into which they had fallen. Phœbe escaped into the chamber to attempt some composure of appearance, if not of feeling. Leona followed her, and throwing her arm around her waist, kissed her beautiful forehead. "I know all, dear Phœbe. It makes me very happy."

"O, how good you are! It seems all a dream that I should be so loved. O, tell me, do Gerald's parents know of this?"

"Yes; and are almost as happy as he. They have always loved you, and believe you to be worthy even of the son they idolize."

Tears fell fast from Phœbe's eyes, but they were tears of joy. She was obliged to wipe them away, however, for Mrs. Appleton now entered to say that the guests were all assembled, and the hour of the bridal had arrived. She took Phœbe's hand in hers, and led her into the antechamber, where she met Gerald. "Shall I give her to you?" she asked, smiling.

"Do, dear mother, if you love me."

"Not till she has promised me one thing. Phœbe, my dear girl, I love you as I do my own child. Make us all happy, then, by giving this dear little hand away, to-day. The minister, the guests, the bridegroom are all here. It is sudden to you, I know, but it will make us all so

much the happier. Say, Phœbe, will you consent?"

Phœbe hid her head on Mrs. Appleton's bosom, but made no reply. Gerald took her to his own arms. "You will not refuse *me*, dearest? Look up, Phœbe, *this* father consents!"

Phœbe raised her head. Her own father stood by, wiping the glad tears from his eyes. He took their hands, and pressed them together with a fervent blessing. "Yield to their entreaties, my child," he said; "I can never give you away more joyfully than now."

Phœbe looked up into Gerald's face. "I am yours!" she said, in a sweet, trembling voice.

There were two marriages in Appleton Place, before the sun reached the zenith. One couple departed for the South, but Gerald and Phœbe sat that evening in the soft moonlight that fell upon the homes of their childhood, and told over, again and again, the story of their loves.

"Our portrait-gallery shall have a lovelier picture than any that yet adorns it, my love," said Gerald. "Let us see, in what character will I have you taken? Ah, it shall be in this very dress you now wear, for you never looked so beautiful before; and I will have you represented in your little cottage-study, with a book before you, because, much as your beauty of

person captivated me, it was your cultivated mind which won my love, and made us all so proud to receive you as the mistress of Appleton Place. Yes, the artist shall paint you in that character, and we will call the picture THE STUDY."

ROSABELLE.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

WHERE the wood-anemones rose and fell
O'er the mossy turf, in the wind's low swell;
Where the dew-drops lay in the violet's cup
Till high in the zenith the sun rose up;
Where the sunbeams entered through veils of green,
And fell on the brooks with a softened sheen;
Where the song of the robin came faint and sweet,
From the far-off fields of the waving wheat;
There, in that shady and quiet dell,
Was the daily haunt of young Rosabelle!

The spring whose waters were dripping by
Was not more clear than her hazel eye;
And the cardinal flower that in autumn grew
Where the bank was now with young violets blue,
Had never a color could half eclipse
The brilliant red of her dimpled lips.
Her voice! 'twas the voice of a bird just flown,
When the distance has softened its clear, shrill tone;
When it blends with the sigh of the waving pine,
Up, far up in the warm sunshine!

But Nature that rivalled her lip and eye,
That echoed her voice in its own sweet sigh,
Had never a symbol in glade or bower,
In the sunniest fount or the fairest flower,
Could half the beauty or brightness tell
Of the lofty soul of young Rosabelle!

Here came she, not for the flowers alone,
Though these a spell o'er her heart had thrown;
Nor stole she away to this lonely glen
In dark distrust of the hearts of men;
Nay, it was love, 't was the pure, high love
Which angels feel in the realms above;
'T was love for the beautiful, true and good,
That filled her soul in that quiet wood.
Oft mid the silence and holy calm,
Of a light half shadow, an air all balm,
She sought with the ardor of hopeful youth,
The holy counsels of God and Truth.
To seek out want, and relieve distress,
To guide and strengthen, to love and bless,
To lift the fallen, and speak of peace
In a world where the errors of this life cease;
These were the aims that from day to day
Over her spirit gained stronger sway,
And drew for prayer to the woodland dell
The sunny heart of young Rosabelle!

UNITY.

BY E. H. CHAPIN.

THE profoundest fact in nature is that of UNITY — the fact that all things are comprehended in one, and, by virtue of this, that each is related to all. At first sight, nothing seems so diversified as this material universe. Solid and flowing, ponderous and subtile, perennial and ephemeral, revealing itself in the sudden might of the lightning, in the constant ebb and flow of the sea, in stormy geological epochs, and in the peaceful order of the planets, Nature presents the most vivid aspects of variety, and seems made up of diverse forces. But every investigation goes to confirm the fact that this is only *diversity in unity* — that this outward variety is the result of interior harmony.

As we come to understand the more abstruse elements of matter, we find them converging, and it will not startle us if, at length, it shall be found that these laws of light, heat, chemical-affinity,

electricity, gravity, are, in fact, but manifestations of one element. The grandest discoveries of our age go to confirm this idea. These discoveries make us acquainted with general laws, and every general law that we find out comprises a multitude of specific laws, that before its discovery seemed diverse, and even hostile. The tendency of these discoveries, is, evidently, to simplify. They show us the mazy threads of being that reach out all around us, drawn up and intertwined in sublime unity.

In beautiful accordance with this idea, the heavens seemed, to ancient sages, unrolled like a scroll of melody, and the stars stood in proportionate distances, like notes of music. *We*, also, find harmony among them, not in the speculations of fancy, but by the action of a profound law. The great truth that Newton discovered shows us that the most isolated world feels universal attraction, and the most enormous planet thrills to it as does the tiniest leaf. Even the comet, that plunges with mane of fire into unseen regions of the upper deep, comes back again upon "its old, worn track," driven and curbed by the infinite and beautiful law. And it is so throughout the universe. Harmony penetrates and buoys up the whole. The same law blooms and dies in the flower of a day, that expands in the dim

nebula whose destiny is through ages and epochs. Lightning and rain-drop, wind and earthquake, sunshine and dew, are but the expressions of one intense design. The swelling of the sea, and the aspirations of the infant's sleep, are but the heavings of a common pulse.

But this principle of Unity is not observable in nature only — it exists in the highest Art. True genius, like nature, throws out its myriad creations from a profound sentiment of harmony — from a comprehensive *wholeness*, if I may use the term — and in that they are embedded. An amateur may become enthusiastic over a beautiful detail — a commentator may illustrate a glorious passage. But only a synthetic critic can appreciate true genius — a critic who rises to its position, and looks out from its centre. The limb of a statue may seem coarse and unnatural, but the *spirit* and *meaning* of the whole — the one idea which the artist had in his mind — determines the merit of his work. The coloring of the painter may be dashed on by a careless pencil, but *character* harmonizes the piece. So with our great Poet. We see not merely individual phases of human character in his works — specific traits of real life. The identity of nature and genius runs through all. We see, everywhere, the same great Shakspeare,—when Shy-

lock hates and Juliet loves, when Ophelia moans and Falstaff chuckles, when Lear raves and Hamlet reasons.

But a nobler fact than the unity of nature, or of art, is breaking upon us in this age — THE UNITY OF HUMAN NATURE. In appearance, in physical and social conditions, there is diversity enough. Kings and beggars, slaves and nobles, wise and simple, good and bad. But man's true being is not outward — it is inward and spiritual, and this is the only point from which we can truly estimate him. In his outward circumstances one man is less than his neighbor, perhaps; but if we make outward circumstances the criterion of human value, all men are less than the material universe in which they live. Compare man as merely a material being with many of the forms of matter around him, and they far excel him — they overcome his strength — they drown his voice — he is lost in their vastness. But consider him in his spiritual relations, and they shrink beneath him, or appear but common veils, illuminated by that great Soul, of which he, in his essence, is an emanation. Stand by yon great ocean, as it swells and darkens in its stormy strength, or plays in foam and sunshine! Lift up your voice! What is it amid that thunder of waters? Number the days of

your life! Compared with its years, they are as so many sands sprinkled in that hoary sea. Feel the beatings of your pulse! What are they to those mighty throbs that heave up from the briny heart of the earth, and tremble through its rocky arteries? Surround yourself with all the trophies of your wealth, be clothed in all the pomp and beauty of your art, and how mean will you look to that, with its garments mottled by all the hues of heaven, twining its weedy locks with the flashing wealth of kingdoms, wearing great navies as its crown, and tall ships as its sunlit baubles!

Impotent as man appears on the shores of that vast sea, so is he, if we view him only as a material thing in connection with material things. But circumstances change when once we consider him as a spiritual being, related to God. Then, in his inner world, he far surpasses that world of waters. It shall remain when they have passed away. It is more glorious, it is more awful, this inner world, as it changes with the varying hues, or becomes serene under the calm light of its heaven. As it is stirred by storms of passion, or hallowed by the peace of prayer. As it becomes turbid with sin, or flows with the riches of love. As it reaches out into unknown

regions of mystery, bounded by no horizon but the embrace of the Infinite God-Head!

But that very element which exalts man above material things, binds all men in one. It lies deeper than their opinions, stations, rank, wealth. It is this that reflects the starry thoughts of Newton — and yet dark as it slumbers in the Hottentot at the Cape, is full with the same great immortality. It is this that we offend by wrong — it is this that we benefit by right. And it is this that is pleading in the best movements of the age — peace, temperance, anti-slavery, charity. The unity of the race! This is the great fact that gives life and meaning to our reforms. In our selfishness, our wars, our sectarisms, we have not realized this fact as we should. But we are all one! From the lazar-houses of the sick, from dens where human beings made almost inhuman gnaw the offal and bones of utter destitution — from cellars where they shiver in rags and seethe in sin — from mines that almost heave with a moral earthquake — from factories whose wheels grind upon naked hearts — from the home of poverty-stricken toil — from the cell of the maniac — from the rice-fields of the slave — from the dungeon of the criminal — from old, scarred fields of battle — there comes up a mighty cry; a cry that has sounded through all

the ages, but has been unheeded. And each pale-faced brother passes us by, and points to the common image,—ay, points to that Saviour who loved and was crucified for us all, and says —"We are all one!" Vast and mighty truth! Shall it triumph over all selfishness and all wrong in the earth? Love is at work. Faith is confident. Hope smiles on the work-day efforts of the present, and trembles like a dawn on the horizon of the future. The Power and Blessing of God are over us.

THOUGHTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

SOME ERRORS OF CHRISTIANS.

It needs but a temporary contrast in the mind between the orginal doctrines of Jesus, and the practices of the existing church, to produce painful conviction that the Christianity of the times is by no means the Christianity of Christ. And in this statement we intend no allusion to doctrines, merely; but rather to *common practices*, as they exist all over Christendom. It is not the Papist nor the Puseyite, the Presbyter nor the Methodist, the Unitarian nor the Universalist, the Mormon nor the Millerite, that perpetuates or enhances the evil; the plague-spot extends through the whole system of civilization, and is blended with the very body of Christianity itself.

If the Son of God were this day among men, where would he find his disciples? Would he not be as lonely as when of old he walked by the sea of Galilee, and called the poor fishers to forsake their nets, and become his companions?

At whose communion-table would he be invited to sit down, among the many "only *true*" churches of the day? To how many different creeds would he be called to subscribe, through how many pompous ceremonies would he be forced to pass before he could be permitted to partake of the simple festival designed to commemorate his own humble life and ignominious death, long centuries ago? Were the lowly carpenter of Nazareth to walk among us as he anciently walked among the Pharisees of Judea, how many of us would be willing to recognise him as the Son of God? Even were a Second Coming announced from Heaven, should we not, like the worldly Jews, look for a mighty King, crowned with fleshly honors, and clad in robes of earthly splendor?

Christianity suffers vitally from the undue exaltation of Riches. The statement that our Lord made ages ago, is equally true in our own day. "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of God!" But this curse is confined not alone to the actual possession of riches; it belongs peculiarly to every covetous man, to every man who strives eagerly for worldly honors.

God and Mammon are not the same; and he

who worships the one, is not a true servant of the other. It follows inevitably that the importance which wealth has assumed in the social world, is a serious detriment to the progress of true Christianity. "What does the Lord thy God require of thee, but to deal justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God?" If this requisition embodies the essential of a true life, ought it not to be obeyed at the sacrifice of some external luxury, some mere vulgar grandeur? Do we *deal justly* when we give to industry but half its due, and in haughty indolence possess ourselves of its fruits? Do we deal justly when to attain the honors of wealth we sacrifice the comfort of those whom fortune has placed under our rule? Do we *love mercy* when we refuse to relieve poverty at the expense of some useless bauble, or some hour of indolence? Do we love mercy so long as the strife to be greatest in the kingdom of Mammon forbids us to incline our ears to the cries of human suffering? Do we *walk humbly*, when to be greater than our neighbors is the spur to our daily strife and the theme of our nightly dreams? Do we walk humbly with our God when we walk in the arrogance of superior wealth before the world? Yet so long as Riches maintain their present false position, so long as Mammon is exalted above

God, so long the Christianity of Jesus Christ must suffer a vital injury.

Another fundamental error among Christians is the spirit of exclusiveness in their religious institutions. Impassable barriers are set up between Christian sects, arising oftentimes from a spirit of stubborn prejudice, rather than from real differences of belief; and so the strength of those divine principles of Christianity, which, if concentrated against existing social evils, might drive them to speedy destruction, is so divided into fragments, and scattered among discordant parties — nay, worse than that — is so often arrayed in hostile action against itself, that the evils of society are rather enhanced than mitigated by its efforts to allay them. There have been a few glorious exceptions to this unhappy custom, (thank God, Christendom shows some symptoms of ultimate cohesion!) but yet how few are the instances in which a Catholic and a Protestant, a Churchman and a Presbyterian, a Methodist and a Unitarian, will be found in concerted movement for the upbuilding of Gospel Truth! Nor does the spirit of exclusiveness end with the division of sects. Within the confines of any one party of religionists, how much of it is displayed! There is *the Church* excluding the congregation, saying to it virtually, "Stand

by, for I am holier than thou! Thou mayest be pure in heart, thou mayest be holy in life, but if thou hast not bathed in the consecrating water, nor tasted the sacred symbols, thou must wait in the vestibule of the temple, while I, the High-Priest, have more intimate communion with Him who dwells between the Cherubim!" There, too, are the synagogues, with their "chief seats," from which many an humble searcher after Divine Truth would be scornfully excluded, even by those who claim to be "greatest in the kingdom" of righteousness. Ought not the privilege of sitting at the feet of Jesus to be as free as that Gospel which was in ancient time dispensed to the poor "without money and without price?" Were it not well to sacrifice a few yards of damask and velvet, and some other of the superfluous decorations of our churches, that those who are less abundantly endowed with worldly goods than we, might at least partake equally with ourselves of spiritual riches? "Whosoever will be great among you, shall be your minister; and whosoever of you will be the chiefest, shall be servant of all."

COUNTRY LIFE.

Wherever duty or necessity places an individual, there, doubtless, the elements of beauty

and happiness will congregate; for it is the harmony of the inward spirit rather than the glory of outward circumstance, that determines local superiority; still, this spiritual harmony is sometimes created, and always more or less influenced by exterior impressions. The scenery and *sentiment* of a city, for example, may operate strongly and beneficially upon an individual's moral character; he may love man better, and study his wants more carefully than he ever could have done in the solitudes of Nature. Or in the country, he may be more vividly impressed by the majesty and power of the Creator; may worship him more purely and devoutly than within the distracting bustle of the town.

Country and city life may almost be distinguished as two orders of existence. The former begins earlier in the day, when first the rosy light of the sun falls upon the hill-tops, and the lark throws the stream of his song along the upper fields. It begins, not amid the haze of half dissipated cloud-smoke, and the din of rattling cart-wheels and screaming fishmongers, but in the purest of all elements, the dew-sweetened air, amid the gushing music of waterfalls, and the wild choruses of birds. The spirit is elevated by feelings which it cannot analyze — joy in its own existence, admiration of the glorious world

in which it dwells, and involuntary devotion and gratitude to God, who hath made every thing beautiful in his time. It begins with none of the lassitude and stupor that are consequent upon late hours, and long continuance in the confined atmosphere of a sleeping-room. Every nerve is strong, and every muscle elastic. To this the free air and the beauty of the landscape alike conduce; the one invigorating the body, the other exhilarating the brain.

Country life owes one of its healthiest influences to the general diffusion of industry which prevails. There is something in the very air of the country that impels one to labor; and where the insects and the birds, and the very growing things of the field are all in motion, how dissonant and degrading is inactivity in man! Why, labor is an actual luxury in the country; a safety-valve, through which the excessive exhilaration of the mind is thrown off, and converted into use.

Amusements, too, are of a healthier character than those resorted to to dissipate the gloom and satiety of city life. There is the shallow brook, babbling over mossy stones, and nestling here and there into quiet pools, where the fish dart about in the sunbeams. Fine sport here for the contemplative angler, who, sitting under the shadow of some lofty tree, feels its greenness

and solemnity settle into his very soul. Refined amusement for the botanist, to pluck from its margin the brilliant cardinal-flower, and the tufts of gentian blossoms that look like clusters of blue eggs planted among the green leaves that encircle them.

Up above is the rocky gorge in the mountain, where little water-spouts issue from the crevices of the ledge, and laurel-boughs, with their snowy coronals — snowy save that a tinge of rosy sunlight has settled in their hearts — and tufts of crimson columbine, and long vines of the flowering convolvulus droop over the edge of the precipice, looking like a garland upon the brow of a Titan. Here rings the hammer of the geologist, prying into the secrets of the globe on which he dwells. Here come the children, shouting and leaping from rock to rock, hunting for snail-shells and scarlet winter-berries, or filling their hands with the gaudiest of the mountain flowers. Away into the still, green woods hies the dreaming student, eager for the luxury of solitude, and the refreshing influences of beauty and quietness. No refreshments like these for the weary spirits that dwell in cities. Nothing there so pure, innocent, and refining. How strangely do these quiet and soothing and simple delights contrast with the poor scenic imitations of human life

upon the stage; the jugglery and *legerdemain*, the mountebank exhibitions, stuffed serpents and tame monkeys, that make up a great portion of the common amusements of the city! O, blessed, say we, is the man whose home and heart are amid the green fields and pure breezes of the country!

SUNDAY MORNING IN THE COUNTRY.

A country village never presents a more poetical aspect than on Sunday Morning. All nature seems yielding obedience to the fourth clause of the decalogue. The cattle, released from the yoke, graze upon the hillsides, and the yellow harvests wave in the field, undisturbed by the sound of the reaper's sickle. The very milldams have lost their musical roar, and give forth a silvery trickling sound that harmonizes with the subdued tone of the day. Only the birds, too buoyant ever to grow weary, and too happy and innocent ever to need prayer, sing with their accustomed gayety.

The silence is at length broken by the peal of the church-bell, summoning the villagers to the house of God. The doors of the dwellings, one after another, give egress to the church-goers; some of every age and rank in life are soon flocking along the street. Old men with their

staffs, and granddames leaning upon the arms of their blooming granddaughters. Groups of children with flowers in their hands, and young men and maidens decked out in their smartest attire. At the door of the church they exchange greetings. Though seldom meeting at other seasons, they come with social hearts to worship God. The circle around His altar is the only one in social life which is not exclusive. Here meet together the rich and the poor, the saints and the sinners. They meet to worship one God whom they all call *Father*, thereby acknowledging the tender relation which every man bears to his fellows, however lowly he may be, and despised.

Possibly the young ladies give a thought more to their dress than is essential to their religious devotions. Possibly the young gentlemen are not sufficiently indifferent to the earthly "divinities" within the church to give due reverence to the Supreme Divinity at whose footstool they bow. Female beauty is never more interesting than when touched and softened by religious feeling. This may account, perhaps, for the numerous instances of romantic passion which have had their origin in village churches. Petrarch first saw and loved his Laura in the church of St. Clare. Whether her green mantle, embroidered with violets, and the loops of her

golden hair that fell over it, served to increase the power of her attractions, we do not wish to decide; but it seems that they were not unnoticed by the poet, nor deemed unworthy of being enumerated among her charms. Boccacio also first saw his Fiametta in church, and it is not improbable that the display of dress usually made on the Sabbath is to be attributed chiefly to visions of possible Petrarchs that float through the brains of church-going belles. If Laura, with her green mantle and braided tresses made an indelible impression on the heart of a poet, why may not velvet mantillas, and embroidered laces have an equal influence in our own times?

These remarks are made, not to justify the mode of Sunday decoration so universal, but to trace the folly to its source. If men of intellect find woman most beautiful on public occasions, when her personal loveliness, only, is displayed to them, do they not give her reason to believe that her chief power and interest lie in the becomingness of her attire? Of what worth to her are a meek spirit and a simple garb such as the apostle recommends, if only personal charms are of any worth to those for whose happiness God made her?

The sacredness and beauty of Sunday Morning consists not wholly in public religious ser-

vices. The earlier hours of the day, which are spent in one's own apartment, are among the sweetest seasons of a Christian's life. We would not disparage the ceremonies of public worship, nor give one justification for their neglect; but we think there are few persons accustomed to religious emotions who will not agree with us that true piety is fostered more effectually by solitary meditation that it can be by the formalities of pulpit ministration. Alone, on a quiet Sabbath Morning, the Past *will* rise up to reproach or applaud, and the Future to rejoice and encourage us; the one telling us what we have done, the other what we may do. If the Past give us cause for penitence, it is in solitary communion with God that we can best make humble confession; if for gratitude, we can give it fervent utterance only when we feel that no eye save our Father's is upon us. If the Future seem to us beautiful, we have many a Paradise-plan to unfold to Him in secret, with prayers for his approbation; if dark and fearful, how much need have we of private supplications, and intercessions for spiritual strength to meet it undismayed.

Beautiful for its peacefulness and repose, and interesting for its associations with the religious worship of many generations, Sunday Morning

is chiefly glorious to the Christian as the memorial season of his Master's redemption from the grave. In this event, every hope of man must centre. If his "Redeemer liveth" he knows that he shall live also; for "as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive."

SYMPATHETIC SOLITUDE.

In this social age it were idle to write of the charms of a hermitage, or describe with poetic enthusiasm the pleasures of sylvan solitude. He who should do this would be regarded as the senseless echo of an obsolete age; or, in other words, as a raw youth just from the country, making his entry into the circles of fashion, decked out in the plaited frills and silver knee-buckles of his great-grandfather.

Now and then a *poet*, (simple soul!) talks to us of murmuring brooks and leafy solitudes; of retreats hidden from the eye of day, far away in the untrodden forest; of lonely haunts amid the mountains, or in rock-bound glens; all of which places his prolific fancy peoples with strange delights that the herd who rush in after him search for in vain. He tells us of the sweet companionship he enjoys with the discoursing brook; of the converse, low, but full of meaning, held with the perfumed flowers; and, entranced

by the unworldly wisdom he brings us from these communings, we follow his path, in the presumptuous hope that unto us, also, the spirits of the shades will deliver their oracles. Hearing them not, though every leaf and wave be vocal with the purest philosophy, we come back to the world in the belief that we have been searching for some fabled Atlantis, some garden of the Hesperides, existing only in a dreamer's brain.

The solitude of which I speak is of that delicious kind in which one has some dear friend at his side to whom he can exclaim, or with whom he may feel, "How sweet is solitude!" The winter fireside, genial, quiet, and cheerful, where husband and wife, or sister and sister sit down to the silent perusal of fascinating books — no word spoken, no look exchanged, only heart keeping time to heart — what precious sympathy in a solitude like this! There is none of that vague yearning for the far-off and unattainable that visits our spirits when shut out from the sight of human faces, and the sound of pulsating hearts. We feel a quiet joy in each other's presence that could not be increased by audible converse. We are together, and yet apart; we are silent, yet we converse. Thought is conveyed to thought through some invisible medium that has no connection with the senses.

Words are not the most eloquent expressions of the soul. There is no joy so intense as that which sparkles in the eye and crimsons the cheek, yet refuses the aid of the voice; there is also "no grief like that which does not speak." Where the heart has a tale to tell, how poor are the utterances of the lips! Need we these ever to tell us that we are loved? Is there not something in arbitrary signs that breaks the spell of our sweetest feelings? There is a mental electricity more mysterious far than that subtle fluid that thrills through material substances. Its conductors are the soft light of the human eye, the smile of the human lip, the tone of a subdued and earnest voice. Pleasant, indeed, is the solitude that is broken only by this silent speech.

TO THE MORNING WIND.

Haste with thy message, carrier breeze,
  While yet the dew is on thy wing;
But pause amid my native trees
  A little while, to sing!

Into my Mary's chamber steal,
  And on her pillow leave my kiss,
That her soft cheek at night may feel
  A gentle thrill of bliss.

Pause by my native stream and lave
  Thy bosom in its silvery tide,
Or o'er the blue and tranquil wave
  In sunny dimples glide.

Through the old woods thy journey take,
  And from its flowers their perfumes bear,
Yet, in return, sweet sounds awake,
  For Mary may be there!

Thence, with a sunbeam's speed, away
  O'er many a field and dazzling stream!
Pause not amid the grass to play,
  Nor where the lilies gleam.

At close of day thy pinions fold;
  Upon my loved one's bosom lie;
Nestle amid his locks of gold,
  And kiss his soft blue eye.

Breathe health through every beating vein,
  And murmur sweetly in his ear,
(To charm away his weary pain,)
  The name he loves to hear.

S. C. E.

July 2, 1844.

FORTUNE-TELLING.

SEEK not, too soon, to know, fair girl,
The shadows in thy coming fate;
The Future God doth wisely furl,
And asketh thee *to wait.*

THE PRESENT! O, sublime and vast
The import of that simple word;
And yet how idly it is passed
From lip to lip, unheard!

Our thoughts are with the Future — *there*
We hope to reap whate'er we will;
But when we reach what seems so fair,
It flits before us still.

The Past, the Future, are but dreams;
The Present, only, is our life;
Where all that *is*, and all that *seems*,
Meet in perpetual strife.

To act, to do; this, this is fate!
And bright or dark its course will be,
According to the love or hate
We bear Humanity.

Look in thy heart, then, maiden fair,
To read the record of thy fate!
According to the lines drawn *there*
It will be mean, or great.

THE BEST PHILOSOPHY.

BY JOHN G. ADAMS.

"This world is not so bad a world
As some would like to make it;
Though whether good or whether bad,
Depends on how we take it."

It is to be hoped that in this day of ocean steam-ships, rail-roads and magnetic telegraphs, some new developement of our life-philosophy may be witnessed; enough at least, for the suppression of more than one half the disquietude, fault-finding, and unhappiness of this our present professedly civilized and Christianized generation. For with all our other changes, it is indisputably evident that herein we are nearly if not quite as much as in any time past, essentially deficient. With all the hey-day salutations of "Invention!" and "Improvement!" greeting us on every hand, from the inland forest clearing to the thronged exchange, we have mingled with them the same old notes of murmuring, discontent, and habitual misery, as were realized

in the days of fathers Job and Jacob, or by any of our more immediate great-grandparents who may have made their appearance upon our goodly orb. Come what will, these sounds are designated. But why so full? Is it that because men have become, habitually, so absorbed in the temporal, that they are still doomed to be under its dominion and to suffer its evils in just retribution for their past and present unwise propensities? Or is it that in the purpose of the Master Composer, the severest chromatic of the great oratorio of life is yet to be heard, ere its resolution into the more harmonious and delighting?

Whatever theology may do with these questions, I have no disposition, at present, to inquire. Nor would I now go into the argument respecting the social evils of our race. Taking these as we find them, the fact that we who have comparatively so few of these evils to annoy us, remain yet so ignorant of actual life and its best philosophy — know so little of ourselves, and of the regulation and enjoyment of the world within, is to humanity itself, shameful. That the writer and reader may enjoy a brief interview in some direct and practical reference to this subject, is the occasion of the brief chapter now to come.

With all our improvements, we need a true philosophy of enjoyment. This, before houses,

lands, stocks, or any temporal livings, should be sought and secured. Yet we have it not. Most of us will not enjoy "the life that now is," whatever may be our professed or real views of "that which is to come." The politician in discussion at the street-corner, the seaman becalmed, the merchant when disasters are snuffed in the gale, the farmer in hay-time when the showers hang over him, the good housewife when she would visit and her wardrobe is not in its best estate; and so on, to that

> "whining school-boy with his satchel,
> And shining morning face, creeping like snail,
> Unwillingly to school;"

all, all have their grievances too afflictive to be borne without due repining. The common ills of life, — its inconveniences, vexations, crosses and disappointments, — submit to them we cannot! And so we foster peevishness, and treasure up self-torment against some darker reckoning-day.

There are afflictions besetting us which it seems no philosophy can yet hold at arm's length; afflictions which pierce the soul through and through. They come when we least expect them. Bright hopes dimmed, sunny prospects clouded, the morning of golden radiance overcast, the day ending in storm. All life, from dancing youth to old decrepitude, is full of it.

"Singly" and "in battalions" do the evils advance; testing all our powers, and too often triumphing over us. Business prostrated, confidence abused, fortune reversed from riches to poverty, bodily infirmities, stricken sympathies tremblingly alive for the distresses of loved ones around us, — such are some of the afflictions, which, as we stand in the lot appointed us, come unceremoniously in our way, impelling us to exclaim with the ancient one, "I will not refrain my mouth. I will speak in the anguish of my spirit. I will complain in the bitterness of my soul."

Then in our own choice, we put bitter for sweet, and darkness for light. The world is wrong. Life's allotments are unrighteous. We can imagine if we cannot effect something better. But there, we cannot thwart Providence, and so we submit, not so cheerfully as we ought! Nay, if we all did, that astounding catalogue of suicides had not been seen. Men would have had a nobler impulse even in affliction, than to have rushed upon death. Lamentable delusion! How well was it dissipated by that fellow-mortal who thus made record of his trial:

"I was weary of life, and, after a day, such as some have known, and none would wish to remember, was hurrying along the street to the

river, when I felt a sudden check. I turned and beheld a little boy, who had caught hold of the skirt of my cloak in his anxiety to solicit my notice. His look was irresistible. Not less so was the lesson he had learnt: 'There are six of us, and we are dying for the want of food.' Why should I not, said I to myself, relieve this wretched family? I have the means, and it will not delay me many minutes. But what if it does? The scene of misery he conducted me to, I cannot describe. I threw them my purse, and their burst of gratitude overcame me. It filled my eyes; it went as a cordial to my heart. I will call to-morrow, I cried. Fool that I was, to think of leaving a world where such pleasure was to be had, and so cheap!"*

Here shone out the true philosophy like sun-rays from storm-clouds. There was something better than dying for trouble. Life, although afflictive, had still its attractions, duties, blessings. And so it ever has. If afflictions come, they have their mission; and this mission hath love in it. To know and to feel this is the soul's wealth, of worth inestimable. It is the light of the upper heaven let down into our pathway. If we mourn, it should be that the heart be made

* Rogers' Italy.

better by its sadness; if we fall, it is that we may rise again; if we weep, it is that we may afterwards realize a Father's beneficence in our sorest affliction and say, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." Never, while we have a consciousness of the mutual dependence of the members of our race, while there is a being like us to whom we may speak or minister for good, however humble this word or ministering may be, should we deem life wearisome. Perish *that* thought! We may banish these horrors; we may cast out all these demons; and have our hearts cheered with salutations of gratitude for the life we have spoken into fainting souls; with blessings of those who, but for our brief work, might have perished; with words of responsive love and thanksgiving, delighting, refreshing, and transporting as the music of seraphim!

There is, I know, one affliction from which we shrink with peculiar and intense emotion. It comes as a blight to our fondest hopes; a plague-spot on the goodly face of our present being. It hath haunted our race like a spectre of "the blackness of darkness;" it still lurks in our secret places, and stalks before us in our public ways, giving us unwelcome greetings by night and by day; readily employed around us in its work of extermination every hour. It is Death.

It is an old affliction. Our first parents knew it when that son whose sacrifice was accepted lay bleeding near his own altar, stricken down by a brother's hand. Jacob felt its pangs when that bloody coat was presented him; David, when he exclaimed in a bereaved father's anguish, "Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom! my son! my son!"—and that widow whose loved boy was raised at the gate of Nain; and that sorrowing sister who in loving confidence addressed Jesus, "Lord, if thou hadst been here my brother had not died!" And still doth its work go on. While I now write, that mother sits apart from her sad household in the lone chamber of the dead. Her first-born, her fondly cherished one, whose very life with all its pulsations and emotions had become one with her own, lies there in the embrace of this terror-king. The beaming eyes have closed in darkness; the clustering ringlets lie still upon that pillow; the lisping wish, the gladsome shout, and laugh of witching inspiration, are uttered only in sweet memories of yesterday. The white robe (fit emblem of that sleeping innocence) enfolds all that is mortal of this cherished one. "Thou weepest, childless mother." Thou art looking back to the past, and bringing up that living one before thee, and art listening to its voice, and

joining in sweet converse with it, and clasping it to thy throbbing heart. And now, O, bitter, withering reverse! It is numbered with the dead, and thou art saying, "None but God can explain this mystery." And thou art right. None but he can solve it.

> "Evil and good before him stand
> Their mission to perform."

All mysteries are to be solved by him; those of life, and those of death. Weep, then, if thou wilt; for a mother's grief is thine, and that is ever precious in God's sight. Weep, but forget not when the burden of thy sorrow seems heaviest, that the love that gave those speaking eyes, whose light will never go out in thy soul, and that sweet voice to bless, and those infant hands to embrace thee, hath not departed with the first life of this angel of thy bosom. Nay; it will come to this death-chamber — go with thee to the green grave — visit thee in day dreams and night visions — wipe thy tears — give confidence for the present, and hope, bright, undying hope, for the glorious future. Learn that death is not the worst of afflictions, nor the greatest of mysteries. There are living deaths; there are mysteries of the most common life. Therefore if thou weepest, pray, too, and trust Heaven;

and know that the prospect through the glass so dimly seen, will soon be exchanged for a clear vision and the cloudless and pure atmosphere of an immortal day.

This, then, is the philosophy most instructive and elevating: that afflictions have their place in the administration of Heaven, with all its other dispensations; that every grief is fraught with lessons of truth; and that death is only one among many myriads of manifestations of Infinite Wisdom and Love. While our old world turns on its axis, it will never be blessed with the revelation of a better divinity.

Another view. Our life should be one of thanksgiving. This is philosophical — apostolic. "In every thing give thanks." And there are abundant causes for thanksgiving. Life itself — the senses — mind — its unutterable internal power — its communion with the outward creation through the medium of bodily organization. Here are causes for joy and gratitude continually. Let man realize it, here, on this green earth, with its light and beauty, and harmony and love; as the seasons come and go all enstamped with God's wisdom, all full of his goodness. Let the golden hues of the morning, or evening's shade, noon's beaming effulgence, and the midnight glory of the upper deep, instruct

and inspire. Let the beasts of the forests and the cattle upon a thousand hills, swift-winged birds with their voluptuous voices, and flowers that bloom in brightness and fragrance on mountain-side, by silvery stream, near cottage-door, and in the quiet vale. Let these all come home with their undying testimonials of thanksgiving to his soul. Then let him ask the worth of life, reason, health, and other common bestowments of the equal God; and blush, that, forgetting all these, he daily sets out in hot chase after happiness! And because elsewhere it is not to be found, and grim spectres are seen, and sometimes blows given him from beings less shadowy than they, comes back at night all weary and vexed, to realize but poor refreshment in his fitful slumbers; when he might have lived the day in peace with himself and his race, in thanks to God for his mercy, and heard no sounds in his long quiet sleep, and seen no sights therein more unwelcome than the footsteps and smiles of guardian-angels!

It is related in history, that when Demetrius had captured the city of Megara, and the property of the inhabitants had been entirely pillaged by the soldiers, he recollected that Stilpo, a philosopher of great reputation, who sought only the retirement and tranquillity of a studious life,

was among the number. Having sent for him, Demetrius asked him if he had lost any thing during the pillage? "No," replied the philosopher; "my property is safe, for it exists only in my mind." Our property, all of it really worth possessing, must be where this good sage had his secured — within. In vain, without this, are our golden accumulations, our expedients and plans. Were our earthly dwelling-place one continuous green paradise, with silvery waters, and clearest skies, and birds of loveliest hue, and forms of humanity more perfect than any now upon it, enjoyment, happiness, might not be here. This very paradise might be a decorated sepulchre, a gilded hell! But let its skies lower, and its greenness depart, and its waters darken and swell and rage, — let its outward glory pass away, and still the song of gladness and joy may be chanted by sweet and happy voices. Well has it been written, "A good man need not be at the labor to level a hill for the sake of a prospect, or raise fruit and flowers, and construct floating islands, for the sake of a paradise. He enjoys better prospects than lie behind any hill. Where an angel travels, it will be paradise all the way; but where Satan travels, it will be burning marl and cinders." And again:

"To be GOOD is to be HAPPY; angels
Are happier than men, because they 're better.
Guilt is the source of sorrow; 't is the fiend,
Th' avenging fiend, that follows us behind,
With whips and stings; the blest know none of this,
But rest in everlasting peace of mind,
And find the height of all their HEAVEN in GOODNESS."

And yet again, in that old aphorism of Whichcot: "It is impossible for a Man to be made Happy by putting him into a Happy *Place*, unless he first be in a Happy *State*."

Habitual thanksgiving will do most to secure to us this inward wealth. The murmurer, the unreconciled, know not how egregiously they cheat themselves. Instead of resting in despondency when adversity and affliction come, we should recount the mercies for which we are to be thankful. God's mercies, mortal! How great is the sum of them still with thee! Then why impoverish thyself? Check that distrust and impatience. Forget not all Heaven's benefits. Let thy gratitude ascend. Be thankful that such an abundance is already thine. So shall thy heart be abundant in joy, and goodness crown thee with her beatitudes.

And yet another. If we would become acquainted with the best life-philosophy, we must confine our desires to our real wants. It is a most mortifying error which this proposition

faces. We laugh at the whim of the spoiled child, who could take no pleasure in the supper offered him unless his sugar was sweetened. How many such children of a larger growth are there in this great household of our common Father. How often are we looking for enjoyment aside from that portion of it which we actually possess. While bewailing our poverty, we know not our positive wealth — how extensive and sure it is. We not only fail to draw interest from it, but even deny that we know any thing of the principal. We shall have murmurers by legions until this error is corrected. And corrected it may and should be. An eastern prince once made his appearance in the streets of the city. His dress was hung with most splendid and costly jewels. A poor beggar looked at them with amazement. "Do you not want these jewels?" asked the prince. "No," was the reply. In much surprise, the prince inquired the reason. "Because," said the beggar, "if I had them, I could only look at them, and you can do no more. Besides, I can now see them, and know that I have not the anxiety of keeping them." What if the great multitude of "fools and blind," who now see no happiness apart from "gold, silver, and precious stones," could only become practically acquainted with the

commendable philosophy of this beggar! We should have more jewelled ones in all our populous cities, and obscure towns—yea, in every wilderness and on every shore, from the rising to the setting sun; jewelled, not with the perishable without, but with thoughts and emotions which are brilliants of highest lustre in all God's dominions. A truth like this led the poor man with but a crust of bread for his meal, after he had given his usual thanks, on being asked for what he was so grateful, to reply, "I thank God that I have this crust, and heaven besides."

And what, without an assurance of this higher good, is that dweller in the palace, all surrounded as he is with the gay and luxurious of life? A creature of anxiety, with little disposition to be thoughtful or thankful; so that his daily enjoyments cost more than they are worth. Thus hath Heaven ordained it for our instruction. This is the poor man. Would you see the rich one? He sits in the doorway of that humbler dwelling, just returned from hard toil. Happy, smiling faces are around him. No coach, no liveried servants stand waiting at that door. The master here is servant, and the servant master of himself. He would not depart from this lowly abode to inherit that palace, if with it he must inherit the disquietude of its occupant.

When, O when shall we learn that while God's common providences are ours, we are rich, and that outward abundance can add but little real bliss to our eager souls? That we should take up what is now before us, and learn its actual amount, ere we think of murmuring that we have no more!

> "Let this plain truth those ingrates strike,
> Who still, though blest, new blessings crave;
> That we may still have what we like,
> By simply liking what we have."

"Are you not sometimes afraid, in your lonely situation?" asked a Christian visiter of a pious cottager who lived in the centre of a long and dreary heath. "No," was the reply; "for Faith shuts the door at night, and Mercy opens it in the morning." Faith and Mercy! What may they not do for us? Faith in God, in ourselves, in humanity; that tires not, though praying and waiting for good in the night watches, and through all the livelong day; that sees heaven in dungeon depths, as amid the temple's grandeur; that lulls to sleep the mariner in his bark on the swelling deep, and bids the tenants of the lone mountain-home sing with glad hearts,

> "For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
> O God! our father's God!"

that sits at the bedside of the sick, a comforter through long and weary hours; that inspires dying lips to say, as the feverish life-pulses are diminishing, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" that "lifteth the poor out of the prison-house, and to him that hath no might, increaseth strength." And Mercy! that from dawn to dawn smiles upon us, from evening to evening sets its watch over us; that tells us, when we are full, how grateful we should be that poverty comes not into our dwelling; and when our pulses are bounding in health, bids us listen to the groans of that prostrate one whom disease hath racked with its torturing power, and thank our God that we are not like him; that brings us through long defiles and dark passages of our pilgrimage into bright and sunnier regions, where our table of refreshment is spread, where our cup runneth over! Reader, what have Faith and Mercy done for thee? And what would man be but for their ministries? Say, hast thou considered?

Once more. That life be actually enjoyed, we must keep a just account with time. In such a world, with such a creation around us, aye, and with such elements for a creation within, too, what sin to fritter away our moments in frivolous strifes, in petty vanities, aiming not so

much *to be* as *to seem*. Life is more earnest than this. If we would enjoy, we must know. If we would see far, we must rise. Here is the plain; there is the mountain summit. Our business is to ascend. True, it will cost us an effort; but we have all the necessary power to make it. These limbs, these faculties, were designed for such action, and they can accomplish the requisite labor. All the way along will the prospect doubly pay us for our toilings, and the higher up we ascend, the plainer shall we perceive what simpletons they are who live from day to day content with no upward tendency; who see the mountain-tops of wisdom and truth afar off, but never essay to reach them.

Do obstacles appear formidable? Encounter them. To souls intent on working out their intellectual and moral salvation, the very obstacles in their way will serve to quicken their perceptions, and arouse and call forth their energies; so that "out of weakness they may be made strong." It is told us that we are indebted partly, at least, to the mental and bodily sufferings of Cowper for his poetry; to the deafness of Lardner for the "Credibility of the Gospel History;" that the "Pilgrim's Progress" was written by a tinker in prison, and the "Saint's Rest" on a bed of excruciating pain. Here was the

ascendency of mind; here the world within combating with that without, and in every onset, with renewed vigor, gaining the victory. What may not the human soul effect and realize when thus laboring in its own indomitable power?

A philosopher once said, "If the gods would grant me all knowledge, I would not thank them for the boon; but if they would grant me the everlasting pursuit of it, I would render them everlasting thanks." This is the right idea. If we would have the truest enjoyment, then must we open our minds that heaven's light may enter; then must we see what this light reveals; record its revelations, and treasure up the wisdom they declare. This race after enjoyment, when nothing but mere sensualism is running, is most contemptible. God is not thus mocked. If we would know what bliss is, we must understand our work. This life is a blank for us to fill up. Here are the materials. What may we write upon it? What stirring emotions shall be recorded, what effective resolutions, what radiant sentences that will shine down into souls of other generations? That is a most significant passage of Carlyle: "What hast thou done, and how? Happiness, unhappiness: all that was but the *wages* thou hadst; thou hast spent all that, in sustaining thyself hitherward; not a coin of it

remains with thee, it is all spent, eaten: and now thy work, where is thy work? Swift, out with it, let us see thy work!"* Ah! when the Master calls, and his old messengers Time and Death are fulfilling their last offices with us, what work of ours will be shown? What work have we already accomplished? and how much more can we do?

Reader, a pardon if I have sermonized; but let the truth thus seriously spoken be not lost on you,—on me. Here is life. What shall it be worth? Just what we resolve; just what we do. We have so much of it to suffer or to enjoy. There is no other consideration. It is loss or gain. We are to be fools or wise. While I write, it may be the very moment of decision with some hitherto vascillating soul. Awake! and see that all things are in readiness for the sunny days, that then we may toil right earnestly for the riches of the everlasting kingdom. Remember, too, the provision for days of dullness, and cloud, and storm. For even then, if the soul is true, there will be, in the language of Willis, "an atmosphere but little above, where our sorrows will melt into our joys."

* Past and Present. Chap. 4.

THE WATER-SPIRIT:

A SWEDISH SUPERSTITION.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

A NYMPH laid afloat on the silvery stream,
As rich as the light of a beautiful dream;
So softly her hair o'er the little waves rolled,
You might have mistaken the waters for gold.

And beautiful notes from her harp-strings were flung;
As beautiful quite were the words that she sung;
But bright fairy thoughts, and the tones of those
chords,
Like moss by the footfall, would crush under words.

She sung of the shadowy groves of the sea,
Of sprites that dance under the red coral tree,
Of fields in the stream; but delight filled her eye
Whilst singing of lovelier fields in the sky.

A child on the shore dropt his pebble and shell
To catch every note as it meltingly fell;
The words, and the notes, as they struck on his ear,
Sunk deep in his heart, then uprose with a tear.

He could but reply, as she ceased the sweet lay,
And tell her he'd oft heard his dear mother say
How lovely the sky was, its fields all how fair;
But water-sprites ne'er could find enterance there.

The nymph cast a look of despair on the skies;
Then came the air laden with sorrowful cries;
She dropt the gold harp in the wave at her side,
Then sunk, as a snow-flake melts down in the tide.

"Come back, O, come back," said the child to the sprite;
"Come fairy, dear fairy, again to my sight!
O, weep not, O, wail not, for mother and I
Will pray that you, too, may go into the sky!"

Then gladly the nymph sought the surface again;
More rich than before swelled the beautiful strain;
But bright fairy thoughts, and the tones of those chords,
Like moss by the footfall, would crush under words.

SONNET.

BY MRS. C. A. JERAULD.

THERE is a vision floating round me now,
Which long hath haunted me at twilight hour,
Like some old picture, with a strange, sweet power,
Awaking loftier thoughts and hopes I trow —
A vision of a girl, with saintlike brow,
All-radiant, like snow-flakes newly drifted;
And large, blue, gold-fringed eyes to heaven uplifted,
That might have made a spirit earthward bow.
For from their star-lit depths beamed out a soul
Made glorious with the light of Truth and Love;
A spirit yearning for its home above;
And *there* her holy hopes have found a goal.
A little while this fair, green earth she trod,
A type of angels, and akin to God!

A RIDE IN THE CARS.

THE miseries of public travelling have been made the frequent subject of humorous complaint; but the best plan of alleviating them has not been often discussed. I have but one remedy to prescribe, and if faithfully tried, I believe this to be sufficient, namely, *Self-forgetfulness.*

There is nothing which produces so much dismay, particularly to single gentlemen, (of which I am one, gentle reader!) as the presence of a crying child. But even this affliction is susceptible of mitigation. Let me illustrate. One intensely hot noonday, a few weeks since, I entered a rail-road car. Being a modest man, I sank upon the first seat that was unoccupied. I was congratulating myself upon my good-fortune in securing so commodious a position, when, for the first time, I discovered that I was riding *vis-a-vis*, and in close propinquity to a woman and her *baby!*

At first I was horror-struck. I looked about me for some means of escape. Alas! not a

vacant seat was anywhere visible. At this crisis of my discoveries, I might have sat for a model of Dismay. Had the lady been beautiful, or even pretty, my condition would have been endurable; but far from this, she was almost repulsively ugly. The baby was a little blue-skinned, sickly thing, which looked as if it had been suckled by a bottle of skimmed milk. Had I seen it in the street, I should have pitied it; but *here*, just beneath my eyes, a fellow-prisoner in the same travelling car, — it was too much! my very soul loathed it.

"Fortunately," thought I, "we are in a rail-road car — this purgatory will have an end." But my congratulations commenced too soon. There was a delay in starting. We sat waiting a full ten minutes. The baby began to cry, and beg for "*mippy*." (I afterwards was informed by the mother that this was the baby-synonym for *milk*.) Mamma strove in vain to hush and quiet it. Numerous were her expedients to call its attention to surrounding objects. Her ingenuity amused me. "It is worthy of a better occupation," thought I.

The poor woman, finding these efforts vain, commenced an attack upon baby's memory and imagination. "Does Addy want a little black kitten, with a white spot on its tail? Yes, Addy

shall have a pretty little kitten, with a white spot on its tail. Mother will go down to Miss Barnses, and get Addy a little kitten. Kitty! kitty! kitty! kitty! Come, kitty, and see Addy!" Addy raised her head, and opened her large black eyes. Evidently her imagination was not sufficiently active to change the figures upon the canvass carpet into "a little kitten with a white spot on its tail," for she screwed her little dirty face into a worse shape than before and broke into a loud scream.

"Scissors!" thought I, burying my face in a large boquet I carried in my hand. The perspiration fell in big drops from my forehead. I wished myself a brick wall, though it is said that even walls have ears. At this moment, I felt something tugging away at one of the roses in my boquet. I looked up and found the *baby* had seized the choicest of the bunch, and was clenching it firmly in her little dirty fist. O, what desecration! My flowers, my beautiful flowers, presented to me by the lily hand of my lady-love, from whom I had just tenderly parted — my dear, beautiful flowers to be mauled in this way by a little dirty, squalling baby! Bah! I was ready to faint.

I looked lightning, and was about to growl thunder, when I was arrested by — what do you

guess, gentle reader? What do you suppose could have checked the righteous indignation of a spirit so outraged in its holiest and tenderest feelings? Pity my weakness, when I confess it was *a smile* — yes, a little foolish smile from that little foolish baby! I could not help it — I strove against the infirmity — but soften my heart would, like snow in a south wind; and before I was aware of my danger, I had smiled in return!

"Pretty flowers, aint they, Addy?" said the mother, casting down her eyes, modestly. Forgive me, my beautiful Margaret! but there was something in that modest look that brought *thee* to my thoughts. All the soft, and all the heroic traits of woman's character occurred to me. Thinking of Margaret made me feel like a lover to the whole sex. "The woman isn't so ugly, after all," thought I. "The *mother* is in her face."

Baby still clung to my flowers, looking up all the while, and smiling in my face. "What does that smile insinuate?" thought I. "Ah, the sex begin their arts early. The baby is certainly the mother of the woman. This little piece of coquetry here, has put on her pretty wiles to seduce a flower from me. Shall I be boy enough to yield?" I pursed up my mouth, and

locked together my teeth, resolving to come off victorious.

"The gentleman is very kind to let you look at his flowers, is n't he, Addy?" said the mother. Heavens! how these words pierced my conscience! *I* "kind!" No, I was the greatest churl in existence. What would Margaret have thought — my kind, gentle Margaret, who had collected those sweet flowers to cheer me on my journey? Would she not have deemed it a poor requital of her love, to refuse a flower to a poor little suffering infant? The blood rushed to my cheeks — my hand fidgeted among the roses — I drew one out from the cluster — I — I — I blush to confess it, dear reader — I gave it to THE BABY!

When I recovered from the shock which this folly gave me, I heard "Addy" expressing loud delight, and the mother earnest gratitude. I do n't know how it is, but there is something in a woman's thanks that goes directly to my heart. I commenced serious efforts to assist her in amusing her hungry child. Whenever baby began crying for "mippy," I began conjuring up expedients to pacify her. I pulled out my gold repeater, and held it up to the darling's ear. I gave her the keys and seals to jingle in her dirty fingers. I even played bo-peep with her from

behind my boquet. Addy smiled like a little cherub. The mother's eyes shone with gratitude. I was the happiest of the happy. In vain were the smiles and comical expressions upon the faces of my fellow-passengers. "Poor misanthropes!" thought I, "they cannot understand the luxury of conferring even the most trivial benefit upon a fellow-being. Let them laugh! They are too ignorant and selfish to be able to appreciate my elevated motives!" O, happy self-conceit! what a consoler thou art for all the jeers and malice of this scornful world!

From this felicitous reverie, I was aroused by the whistle of the engine, and the stopping of the cars. "Thank you for your kindness, sir," said the mother, rising to leave. "O! do you stop here?" I exclaimed, quite aghast. I took the baby in my arms—yes, reader, in my own arms! and followed with it to the door of the car. The mother received it with renewed thanks, and I had just commenced pouring forth a volley of heartfelt regrets that they must leave us, when the bell rang and we were off again. I returned to my seat, but it looked desolate enough. I cast my eyes around the cars in hope to discover another baby. The search was vain, and I don't know how I should have become reconciled to my loneliness had not my eyes

rested on my boquet. Sweet visions of Margaret began to flit through my brain, and I sunk into another reverie, which was not disturbed till the bell rang again at the termination of the road. I started up. "God bless the women!" was my involuntary ejaculation. "Thank you, sir!" said a little laughing beauty, who had occupied the seat behind me, and who now stood curtseying at my side, and looking up roguishly into my face. I blushed and glowed like a full-blown peony, and, hiding my head behind my boquet, rushed out of the car.

On the whole, though, I think I never enjoyed a pleasanter ride than with that crying baby.

CŒLEBS.

THE MERMAID AND THE STAR.

BY CATHERINE W. BARBER.

A BEAUTIFUL Mermaid rose one eve
From the floor of the dark blue sea;
Her golden tresses were tossed from her brow,
And her song rung wild and free,
Till it died away in the balmy air,
As sweet as a cherub's voice in prayer.

A star came forth on its azure throne,
Clad thick in a robe of light;
'T was a peerless thing, the most radiant gem
Which shone on the brow of night;
And while it heard the Mermaid's lay,
It seemed to pause on its shining way.

"I seek a friend," the Mermaid said,
"To live in the coral caves,
And rove with me while I sweetly sail
Or dash through the sparkling waves;
I love the flowers, the beautiful flowers!
But they pass away with the summer hours.

"I've seen the rose in her queen-like robe,
The pride of the garden bower,
And marked the lily's snowy breast,
With many a sweet wild-flower,
Yet they pass away, — they cannot be
True friends to a roving one like me.

"Star of the evening! bright, beautiful star!
Come down from yon arch of blue;
I'll show you full many a radiant thing
In the regions I wander through.
O, bright gleam the gems and the gold-dust where
The sea-boy sleeps with his tangled hair!"

"I may not come," said the glittering star,
"To dwell in the halls of your birth;
I circle away in a tireless dance,
With nobler orbs than earth,
Yet I love your face, fair maid of the sea,
And will forever a *true friend* be.

"Come up each night through the glassy wave,
And chant me that thrilling strain;
I will shed o'er thee my dazzling beams,
Till each drop in the restless main
Shall seem to borrow the fire-flies' wings,
And earth grows proud of her glorious things."

"You promise me this," said the trusting maid,
"Then down to my bed I will sink,
But every eve my song you shall hear,
Till your radiant eye shall blink

In the glorious light which Aurora brings,
And scatters each morn from her sparkling wings."

Eve followed eve; and the maid was true,
And so was the brilliant star,
Till the spirit of storms arose one night,
And swept o'er the ocean afar;
The billow rolled, like a mountain, high,
And huge black clouds swept over the sky.

The lightning flashed, and the Mermaid sunk
In a yawning gulf below,
And what became of the poor lone thing,
I'm sure I do not know.
Perhaps she died with a broken heart,
But the star still plays its fickle part.

Choose not your friends, said a voice within,
Because they *shine, and are high;*
You will find them as trustless and changing, I fear,
As the star in the evening sky.
Beware! beware of the Mermaid's fate,
And wiser be, when you *choose a mate.*

VOICE TO A PILGRIM.

FROM HIS GUARDIAN SPIRIT.

"The long way that I must tread alone, appears to me sometimes a valley of shadows."

Dear Pilgrim, *not* alone shall be thy journey,
Nor through the valley shall thy pathway lie;
Thy future track, though strewn with rocks and thorny,
Up through the mountain mists ascendeth high.

And on those mists shall fall a golden beauty,
And rainbow hues shall span the weary way,
And in thy heart shall shine the light of duty,
And on thy brow shall fall love's glittering spray.

And like the music of a hidden river,
Winding its way beneath some verdant arch,
Shall sound within thy spirit's depths forever,
A *voice*, to cheer thee in thy toilsome march.

A voice whose tenderness shall never falter,
Never until in death's deep silence lost;
Which shall breathe worship at thy spirit's altar
Through every struggle, and at every cost.

And, Pilgrim, shouldst thou hear Fame's clarion ringing,
High up the summit where thy footsteps tend,
O, be not heedless of this low voice singing —
This low voice of thy true and faithful friend.

If in thy spirit dwells one loved ideal,
One vision to thy gentle nature dear,
O, give it power to soothe the rough and real, —
Let it have skill thy weary heart to cheer!

If in the inner shrine of thy pure being,
This vision like a guardian spirit dwell,
What matters it though time, too swiftly fleeing,
Bring thee, erewhile, a long and sad farewell?

Thou shalt not be alone while Love is with thee,
While its pure prayers are round thee fondly thrown;
Like some good angel it will soar beneath thee
To bear thee up; — thou shalt not be alone.

Nay, not alone. The pure, the good, the gifted,
Dwell in a world with blessed angels rife;
Above the lower crowd, by God uplifted,
They lead a high, but not a lonely life.

And so, dear Pilgrim, by pure thoughts attended,
And generous deeds, those harvesters of bliss,
And Love, with not one selfish feeling blended,
Content to ask alone *thy* happiness;

By these, and God's own presence in thy spirit,
Thou shalt be guided on thine upward way;
The crown is there — and that thou win and wear it,
Thy guardian spirit will not cease to pray.

SCENES AT NIGHT.

'T is night. The man of labor sleeps;
He has no dream, but holy Peace
Her vigil o'er his pillow keeps.

'T is night. The murderer in his cell
Tosses upon his couch and groans,
And dreams his soul is endless hell.

'T is night. The maiden sinks to rest,
With blushes on her downy cheek,
And roses clasped upon her breast.

'T is night. The den of guilt — O, Heaven!
Let all the impious deeds wrought there
Be named not, known not, but forgiven!

'T is night; and grief forgets to rave,
But watches calmly o'er her dead,
And thinks of life beyond the grave.

'T is night. O, when the morning comes,
How differently its golden light
Will shine on different hearts and homes!

A NIGHT'S RECORD.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

I PASSED a day of toil. Weary at night
I sank upon my couch. My nerves grew still.
My eyes gazed calmly on the soft starlight
That through my window glided in at will.
A perfume, from the roses on the sill,
Stole o'er me like a mantle from the hand
Of some good angel; and a delicate thrill
Passed o'er my brow. I thought some spirit fanned
My warm and weary brain with his celestial wand.

My thoughts slow melted into dreams away.
I slept. The stars shone on, the wind still stirred
My loosened hair. In dreamless rest I lay.
Under my window sang night's plaintive bird —
He sang a long rich strain, but was unheard.
So passed the solemn time. I woke at morn
To the soft music of a whispered word.
I woke, and heard the robin in the corn
Singing his matins — A NEW DAY OF LOVE was born!

Simple this record, but how many hours
Of human life thus peacefully are spent!
We heed them not — they are the wayside flowers
That waste upon our life their balmy scent;
Our thoughts on *pleasure* are intensely bent.
O, were it not more wise to pause and lift
One grateful thought to Him who thus hath blent
Quiet repose with turmoil, strife, and thrift,
And praise Him for so needful and so sweet a gift?